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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Here's Hoping

AS the slim trickle that has been the summer's inflow of contributions swells to more normal proportions the relaxed soul of the editor stirs with uneasy anticipation. Again he foresees his baskets overflowing with manuscripts, again in imagination suffers the pangs of those to whom he sends back the fruit of painful labor, again shudders at night as he wonders whether the sonnet he will soon be returning in the mornings is really the pretentious nonsense he is to believe it then or whether he will have rejected a masterpiece. He has his moments of suffering, has the editor—for his contributors as well as through them. Though necessity forces him, when the press of work is upon him, to appear callously indifferent to requests for criticism or instruction, and to resort to the printed rejection slip instead of inditing the personal letter which, if he could follow his inclination, would accompany all his refusals, in his heart he is a not unsympathetic fellow and would, could he but square his conscience with his desires, accept anything of the slightest merit that comes to him. Alas! were he to do so he would soon be bankrupt of all but good intentions; his it is to exercise the judgment, not the heart. Yet perhaps, at the threshold of a new season, he may allow himself the luxury of a few suggestions that may be of service to potential or unpracticed contributors.

The way to the editor's attention is, of course, through the eye, and not alone through what the eye conveys to him of the thought of the writer but through the impression the appearance of the manuscript makes upon him. If an article, a batch of poems, or a story emerges from its envelope on gold embossed paper, carefully protected against wrinkles by layers of cardboard, it is pigeonholed at once in the editor's mind as the work of a novice. He approaches it with curiosity, but with doubt. If it comes out from its wrappings soiled, creased, and evidently much traveled he regards it as suspect—something that others before him have rejected. If it is slovenly in its typing, interlined, and complicated by insertions on stray bits of paper, sales resistance, as the advertising fraternity would say, is at once set up against it. Even before he has read the usual accompanying letter or glanced at the contribution he has formed an unfavorable impression in regard to it.

And then he falls upon the enclosing note. How much, how much more than the contributor suspects, the few lines with which he sends offspring into the world reveals of himself and his experience as an author. Above all else jocularity and challenge sit ill upon the aspirant. For both alike betray his nervousness and amateurishness, and by displaying a lack of self-confidence in himself induce a corresponding inclination to doubt in the editor. Elaborate biographical data—since it is generally those who have found publication only in magazines of no distinction who are under necessity of reciting their achievements—likewise produce an unfavorable impression. "The lady doth protest too much, methinks," is apt to be the editor's reaction. The short, stereotyped statement merely supplementing the name and address on the manuscript, is, by and large, the most sensible chaperone for a manuscript. We say, "by and large," lest before the ink is dry on our page we have been beguiled by the cleverness of an entirely unstereotyped letter into requesting further contributions from an author whose offering of the moment we are rejecting.

Contrary to general belief editors read what comes to their desks. They must, poor, hard beset souls, even if they would not, lest their columns stand empty, but, as a matter of fact, it is the most zestful of their undertakings. For in the breast of every editor hope springs eternal that out of some commonplace long envelope may emerge a work of genius. For most of them it never does, but the exciting possibility lies always just inside the wrapper, making the daily reading of manuscripts an adventure instead of routine. The only contributions that are returned practically unglanced at are those which in the opening lines betray the fact that they have been sent to the wrong medium. All others are at least sampled to the extent of the single bite which, as Walter Hidden Page said, is enough to indicate the quality of the egg.

Therefore, if you would make your way with editors, be not jocular, be not brash; be not too elegant, and yet not heedless of appearances; guage your medium, and never forget your address. Don't write unless you have something to say, and, having written, don't believe the editor won't examine what you have produced. He is ever on the quest. So, "here's hoping."

Wood Song of Triboulet

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

DEEP in the wood, heal your heart
In a cavern of leaves where a flutter of wing
Is heard, and squirrels scurry and dart
From the water-spring.

Suns will go over, suns will rise,
Years of pain seem a moment's cross.
Here's a golden rain from paradise
On fern and moss.

Phantom silence listening stands.
Does the heart reply like a distant horn
From hills of fear over lonely lands
For a cause forlorn?

Yet lift your brows and on them feel
Peace, for one spirit's single sake;
And deep in the wood your heart will heal
Or break.

This Week

"Spirit in Solution."
Reviewed by E. W. BERRY.

"The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson."
Reviewed by MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

"Saladin."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

"French Sculpture."
Reviewed by KINGSLEY PORTER.

"The Trap."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Sanatorium."
Reviewed by HANS ZINSSER, M.D.

"Parties."
Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON.

"D. L. Moody."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

The Way of Cabelle.
By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

Next Week, or Later

The Last Days of Jonathan Swift.
By CARL VAN DOREN.

The Poetry of George Darley

By PADRAIC COLUM

GEORGE DARLEY was born in Dublin in 1795; he spent his childhood in his grandfather's house in the Dublin Hills, riding a good deal through the Dublin and Wicklow countryside. He had two great disabilities—one was to have the effect of making him an isolated man, and the other that of breaking the continuity of any intellectual labor he might engage in—he had a bad stammer and he had recurring headaches. Taking his degree in Dublin University, he hesitated for some time between a scientific and a literary career, and went over to England to pursue letters. The books of his that had the widest circulation in his own lifetime were his "Popular Algebra" and his "Popular Geometry," the one going into three and the other into five editions.

He wrote for the *London Magazine* and afterwards for the *Athenæum;* he wrote dramatic criticism, he wrote about pictures, he contributed prose sketches. His poems have never been permitted to fall into oblivion, and in our own time they have been brought out in two separate collections. Darley wasted much effort in writing plays which have all the ingredients of the Elizabethan drama—plays which have no real dramatic movement, no focus of action, no reality of character; like all theatre externs he thought that his dramas ("Thomas à Becket" and "Ethelstan") were entitled to a meed of praise. He wrote a pastoral, "Sylvia or the May Queen," which has delightful lyrics strewn through it, and which has pieces of description in the guise of stage directions in verse which are delightful too. He died around the age of fifty.

There is no portrait of George Darley, but descriptions left of him suggest to me that he resembled a relative of his who was very well known in Dublin and who died this year—Arthur Darley, the well-known Irish violinist, who, I think, was a grandnephew of the poet. When I read the descriptions of the elder Darley I can see Arthur Darley's face, studious and enthusiastic, his lighted eyes, his tall figure that drooped a little. George was passionately devoted to music, and Arthur was, like George, a scholar. Mr. Streatfeild, who published George Darley's "Nepenthe" sixty years after the poet had it printed, relates an incident which helps in the portrayal of George Darley: Once when he was walking with some girl cousins along the Dublin roads they were approached by a beggar woman. While one of the girls was fumbling for her purse, the woman turned to the poet with, "You, sir, now, with your blackbird's eye." He probably had the eager glance of a bird.

I am aware that he is not an undiscovered poet; his work appears in well-known anthologies; his "Life and Letters" was published a couple of years ago, and one can get the two collections of his poems which I have referred to in the ordinary bookshops. They are "Selections from the Poems of George Darley," edited by R. A. Streatfeild, in Metheun's Little Library, and "The Complete Poetical Works of George Darley," edited by Ramsay Colles, in Routledge's Muses Library. The volume in the Little Library does not contain the two dramas; it contains the best of the lyrics in "Sylvia" but not the verse-stage-directions. The other volume has everything of Darley's that has been preserved. Both volumes have excellent introductions. These volumes published within the last thirty years are evidence that a poet who died eighty years ago is not neglected.

Let us glance at the poems of his that are given

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in the principal anthologies. In the "Oxford Book of English Verse" there are three: "Song," which appears in other collections as "Serenade of a Loyal Martyr," and which begins, "Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers"; "To Helene" which opens with the lines, "I sent a ring—a little band of emerald and ruby stone," and "The Fallen Star" which has this opening.—

A star is gone! a star is gone!
There is a blank in Heaven;
One of the cherub choir has done
His airy course this evening.

Ocurring as they do between Keats and Thomas Babington Macaulay, we are apt to think of them as belonging to the twilight zone of poetry, and there is nothing in the pieces themselves to challenge such an assumption; there is a musical quality in the "Song," but even if we note it we are content to think of its maker as one of the definitely minor poets. There is nothing of his in the later editions of the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," although in an early edition one of his poems appeared anonymously. In the "Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics" we find George Darley on the first page with four stanzas entitled "The Phoenix," a poem decidedly original, but one that tells us nothing of the poet's range. In other anthologies we are likely to find "It is not Beauty I demand," a poem which so perfectly reproduces the convention of Cavalier poetry that we are made to think of Darley as having nothing to contribute but the stately graces of a belated Caroline lyrist. It was this poem that Palgrave included anonymously in the early editions of the "Golden Treasury"; discovering it was by a contemporary of Tennyson, he withdrew it from the pages of the "Treasury."

The publication of "Nepenthe" sixty years after the poet had it printed has taken Darley out of the twilight zone of minor poetry. This poem—it is a fairly long one—was written towards the close of Darley's career, and was given hardly any circulation. It was published by R. A. Streatfeild from an imperfect copy in the British Museum, and it is included both in R. A. Streatfeild's and in Ramsay

[illegible] described "Nepenthe" as "a fragmentary sketch"; it has the excess, the lack of focus, which we might expect to find in a first poem. "Nepenthe" is said to be unfinished; the poet had it in his mind to write three cantos and has written only two. But a third canto would not have completed a poem in which there is no recognizable design—it would have only added more scenes and more exclamations to it. We should read "Nepenthe" not for any interest in the "mythos" which Darley tried to mould his poem on, but for the pictures that come to us as in a flight over mountains, through seas, and across deserts.—

Steed of sterility!—O, more fleet
Must be my Arimaspasian feet
To 'scape the dragon of the air
Winding me round with sulphury flare,
Than the wild ostrich as she glides
Sheer onward with unpanting sides.

The flight of the wild ostrich—"sheer onward with unpanting sides" is an apt image in a poem which is altogether made up of descriptions and exclamations—scenes glimpsed as in a headlong rush, and apostrophes that are breathlessly made.

The second canto opens with an apostrophe to Antiquity which the poet sets over against Time. I know no passage in poetry that gives so much of the sense of awe that comes to us from the sculptures of Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Mexico, than does some of the lines in this apostrophe.—

Still at thy works in mute amaze,
Sorrow and envy and awe we gaze, ...
Enlarge our little eyeballs still
To grasp in these degenerate days
Marvels that showed a mighty will,
Huge power and hundred-handed skill,
That seek prostration and not praise
Too faint such lofty ears to fill.

There is a passage about the sea that has the same suggestion of vastness.—

Hurry me, Nymphs, O, Hurry me
Far above the grovelling sea,
Which, with blind weakness and base roar
Casting his white age on the shore,
Wallows along the slimy floor;
With his widespread webbed hands
Seeking to climb the level sands,
And rejected still to rave
Alive in his uncovered grave.

In the hills running from Dublin into Wicklow where he spent his childhood he was always looking upon water—he had glimpses of the sea; wells, streams, and tarns were in his familiar landscape. When in a letter to one of his cousins he recalls Wicklow, the scene is "the green, deep slopes beyond St. Kevin's Bed running down aslant from the hill top into the lake, and the sun drops sparkling on the black surface of the water, and the three mermaidens that wiled with their songs another Anchorite almost out of his self-control and discretion." When he writes about water he is most inspired. If, instead of the three poems of his that are given in the "Oxford Book," certain poems that come out of his feeling for this element had been given, George Darley would long ago have been praised for the verve that now I claim for him. I shall quote one of the poems from his "Syren Songs"—it is named "The Mermaidens' Vesper-hymn."—

Troop home to silent grots and eaves!
Troop home! and mimic as you go
The mournful winding of the waves
Which to their dark abysses flow.

At this sweet hour, all things beside
In amorous pairs to covert creep:
The swans that brush the evening tide
Homeward in snowy couples keep.

In his green den the murmuring seal
Close by his sleek companion lies;
While singly we to bedward steal,
And close in fruitless sleep our eyes.

In bowers of love men take their rest,
In loveless bowers we sigh alone,
With bosom-friends are others blest—
But we have none! but we have none!

And there is "The Rebellion of the Waters:"

Arise!—the Sea-god's groaning shell
Cries madly from his breathless caves,
And staring rocks its echoes tell
Along the wild and shouting waves.
Arise! awake! ye other streams,
That wear the plains of ruined Troy,
Ida's dark sons have burst their dreams,
And shake the very hills for joy

[illegible]

Shriek at the wave, they lighten by.
The noise of total hell was there,
As fled the rebel deeps along;
A reckless, joyous prank they dare,
Though thunder fall from Neptune's tongue.

The short "Hymn to the Sun" following these two would certainly make us acknowledge the verve in Darley's poems—not in all of his poems, but in several of them, and in many passages in "Nepenthe."

Poets are identified by a particular poem of theirs, and the poem that identifies Darley to most readers of collections of poetry in his "It is not Beauty I demand"—the poem that Palgrave mistook for an authentic Caroline relique. It is better, I think, than anything in the same convention by Lovelace of statement:

It is not Beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

The divergent images in the enumeration are properly fantastic, and yet they are related. As we read this, the first stanza, we know what the conclusion will be, and yet we are carried on by its earnestness of statement.—

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn,
Poison can breath that erst perfumed,
There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows—there's nought within,
They are but empty cells for pride,
He who the syren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I could trust,
And never linked with error find.

The inversion in the line "Poison can breath that erst perfumed" damages this verse, and one is surprised that a poet of Darley's accomplishment let it stand. But on the whole this poem is remarkable, not only for its triumphant use of the convention in terms of brilliancy and inventiveness, but also for the gravity, the conviction that upholds it all.

The Struggle for Existence

SPIRIT IN EVOLUTION: FROM AMOEBA TO SAINT. By HERBERT F. STANDING. New York: The Dial Press. 1930.

Reviewed by E. W. BERRY
Johns Hopkins University

THIS book is avowedly written for the layman, and it will unquestionably be pleasant reading for that large group of persons—the vast majority of humanity—who are wholly oblivious to logic and who do not discriminate in their thinking between religious and other emotions, and ascertained facts.

The chapter headings, which are as follows, will give a sufficient idea of the plan and scope of the work: Response to Environment, Nutrition, Unification, Race Preservation, Sublimation of Mental Process, and Evolution of Values.

The argument in brief is that organic activities are on three levels—physical, mental, and spiritual—sequential in evolving, and that even the simplest organisms have an "awareness" corresponding to consciousness, and from the beginning have been directed by divine purpose. The author leans rather heavily in places on Lloyd Morgan, Bergson, McDougall, and others. I have not observed any serious errors in Natural History although there is a rather naive acceptance of stories of the religious experiences of George Fox and others and of stories of the mental life of various animals.

The reviewer would be the last to deny the existence of spiritual values or their vast utility, but that is quite a different matter from admitting that we know much about them or have developed a scientific method for their study. In fact the chief weakness of this book is its lack of methodology and its muddied mixture of facts, sentiments, poetical, and biblical quotations. There is no more showy and sterile hybrid than results from a failure to distinguish between subjective and objective, between physical and psychical. True science offers no denial or ridicule to what may be called the supernatural—it simply cannot test nor prove—it neither affirms

with a good many other
reviewer to be a wholly
false point of view, and that is the race old egocentric notion of perfection and degeneration, of upward and downward trends. An amoeba or an oyster is quite as "perfect" for its mode of life as is man. From a more detached point of view there were several events in earth history as important, perhaps more important, than the origin of man. Organisms do not progress or retrogress in their adaptations to the securing of food and reproducing their kind, except by a false human standard, and the so-called struggle for existence is not to be thought of as a dog fight but rather as an inconspicuous competition, as between cabbages and spinach.

Is it immoral for the New Zealand parrot to kill sheep or for the woodchuck to eat our flowers and vegetables? Is morality indeed anything more than justified custom, and who can say what the standard of beauty is to a radiolarian or a cockroach? A thing of beauty may be a joy forever, but is there a standard? Are not there innumerable standards—one for the East, another for the West, one for the modernist, another for the classicist? Behavior in the protozoa furnishes quite as many arguments for a mechanistic as it does for a spiritualistic explanation.

By all means let us exalt the things of the spirit. No one denies that they are the main hope for the future progress of humanity, but let us not put all our eggs—physical and spiritual—in one basket; they will be too difficult to unscramble.

The "Instituto Italiano del Libro," of Florence, publishes some interesting details about the book trade in Italy, which, after a period of depression, now shows distinct signs of revival. Leaving aside all printed matter in pamphlet form, 5,806 books were published in Italy in 1928, the latest year for which definite statistics are available. Of these the greater number were brought out in the provinces of Latium, Lombardy, Piedmont, and Tuscany; the southern provinces follow but feebly, Basilicata ending the list with one book—but 22 pamphlets! As for subjects, Italy specializes in works on art, archaeology, and history; then come novels—over 800 were published in 1928—and works on theology, philosophy, and religion; scientific works numbered only 370. Poetry and the drama were scantily represented.

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Miss Taggard's Emily

THE LIFE AND MIND OF EMILY DICKINSON. By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by MABEL LOOMIS TODD

HERSELF a poet, Genevieve Taggard has brought to her analysis of Emily Dickinson exhaustive study and an appreciation of our Amherst poet which have resulted in a volume of extraordinary value. The incidents of Emily's life, of which there are hardly any, are carefully scrutinized before they are described. But it is the inner, curious working of this unique mind which Miss Taggard, with here and there a touch of genius, brings to a public which reads lightly and is not supposed to understand impalpable things like these.

Whoever tries to make a conventional biography of such an elusive personality as Emily will find his materials becoming like thin air in his hands, leaving him stranded on probabilities. She is undoubtedly a fascinating theme for speculation, to which Miss Taggard, as well as others, has succumbed. But she speculates with care. She is determined, in so far as she can, to dispel the miasma of mistakes and falsehood in present circulation. She is merciless in her search for truth in its smallest detail, often showing qualities more nearly akin to those of the scientific worker than of the poet.

Like other writers, in describing Emily's outward life Miss Taggard is primarily concerned with two questions, the importance of which has been quite disproportionately emphasized to the reader of her poetry. That reader has persisted in finding some connection between the two, perhaps because it pleases him to do so. What he most wants to know is her motive for living the life of a recluse, and the identity of the man to whom she wrote "some of the finest love poems in the English language."

As objects of Emily's love Miss Taggard names both Leonard Humphrey and George Gould, the latter on the sworn statement of a person who can have no object to gain in misleading the public. But what of it? As Louis Untermeyer rightly says in the *Saturday Review* for July 5th, 1930, "Names are unimportantly interchangeable. Whatever the provocation, all that remains is the poetry. His name may be Wadsworth or Hunt or Gould or Legion, but it is not he who is immortalized in her book; it is Emily." For all her painstaking research and portrayal of Gould and his relation to Emily, Miss Taggard admits that we are on the wrong track if we assume that "cerebral events recorded in her poetry had always a counterpart in the vents of her temporal life," or if we literally interpret a fervent stanza, written "because although it did not happen to her, it does happen in the metaphysic of the perfect event." And she adds, "What Emily called her experience of love most people would call merely a disappointment." Whatever its nature, it occurred years before she began to write poetry. When, at last, as Miss Taggard so deftly says, she began to write about her love, "The weight of years fossilized the few facts." Of Emily's pitiful little love story the public will be more inclined to accept Miss Taggard's skilful explanation than those offered by other writers.

And now as to why she lived as a recluse. "Her life was a matter of taste, the expression of a preference." "Another life, the life of the anonymous mind, engrossed her." "In a study of genius one cause is as good as another; it gives the baffled mind something to fiddle with, but the truth is that there is no cause, there is only the intricacy of being." Thus Miss Taggard.

Louis Untermeyer, in the article above referred to, says with real perception, "Has anyone, . . . suggested there was no love story at all—none, that is, in the sense of mutual *rapport?*" Long ago I answered that question. In the preface to "Poems: Second Series," I wrote: "She lived in seclusion from no love disappointment. Her life was the normal blossoming of a nature introspective to a high degree!" And in "Letters of Emily Dickinson" (1894), I said further,

> Most of us would require some sudden blow, some fierce crisis, to produce such a result—a hidden and unusual life like hers. And we love to believe striking and theatrical things of our neighbors. . . . But Emily Dickinson's method of living was so simple and natural an outcome of her increasingly shy nature, a development so perfectly in the line of her whole constitution, that no far-away and dramatic explanation of her quiet life is necessary to those who are capable of apprehending her.

Thus, in this first account of Emily's life, prepared under the scrutiny and with the sanction of Austin and Lavinia, her only brother and only sister, published only eight years after her death, the reader will find Mr. Untermeyer's theory fully and finally sanctioned. Here is fact, not conjecture. "But," as Mr. Untermeyer continues, "since it lacks wildness, it will not be part of the legend."

Emily's odd little friendship with Colonel Higginson is treated by Miss Taggard rather humorously; "to puzzle Mr. Higginson was Emily's only revenge," and "he preferred the firm peace of things not so vibrantly living." The Higginson episode is rounded off by saying, "He meddled a good deal with social matters." For those of us who knew Mr. Higginson well in his later years, his lifelong rush to take the reformer's standpoint for every emergency had developed into the "natural warmth" recognized by Miss Taggard, and the tenderness unfeigned. In the poem "I Asked No Other Thing," the meaning of which is perennially under discussion, she says, "Let my reader . . . decide whether or not . . . Mr. Higginson and the Mighty Merchant are not the same person." The poem is a splendid focus of that sarcasm which could be Emily's peculiar weapon on occasion. The "mighty merchant" may have meant that "burglar, banker, father," the God Who so frequently failed to discriminate in her favor, or it may have meant the "fate that fractured." But Higginson, or any other mortal, never.

"NOBODY GIVES US CREDIT FOR THE MASTERPIECES WE HAVE NOT WRITTEN YET."

Courtesy Ferargil Galleries. Will Dyson

Miss Taggard's recognition of Emily's use of legal words throughout the poems is an original angle of approach. She actually gives three pages of legal terms used by Edward Dickinson, the meaning of the old lawyer's phrases turned by necromancy into the magic of poetry. "Emily loved to prove what enchantment she could extract from stony rubbish," says Miss Taggard, and, "Emily's poetry leads one to gloat over words." As a matter of fact, the Noah Webster Dictionary had become Emily's dearest companion, as her sister innocently announced to me, not realizing the significance of the remark. By the hour Emily studied her "lexicon"; not to find synonyms, but for new and hitherto unused, unhackneyed words. Noah Webster never had a more devoted student.

As to more detailed appraisal of Miss Taggard's book: What have her years of study revealed about Emily's middle name, for instance? She says, "Not once in my reading have I found the Norcross used in Emily's name during her lifetime!" Emily's mother's name was Emily Norcross, her sister's Lavinia Norcross, and her own, Emily Elizabeth, as her own early signatures sufficiently show.

It seems almost ungracious to discover errors in a book of such scholarship and literary charm, but several minor inaccuracies should be corrected in later editions.

Page 177. "Each (manuscript was) rolled like a parchment and tied with a single thread. . . . and dying she left word that the little rolls were personal papers and should be burned." In my preface to "Poems, Second Series" (1891), I said, "Most of the poems had been carefully copied on sheets of note paper, and tied in little fascicules, each of six or eight sheets." I never saw any manuscript rolled like a parchment. As I have said, though Emily asked to have her other papers burned, she never left word for Lavinia to destroy any of her poems. This Lavinia repeatedly told me. She destroyed none, nor did she suppress any.

Page 351. "1896. 'Poems, Third Series,' edited by two of her friends, Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson." Mr. Higginson did not assist me in bringing out that volume, and his name is not on the title-page.

But we need not dwell on its flaws. The book is not only so vividly and carefully written, it corrects so many untruths hitherto unknowingly absorbed by the public, that Emily's admirers will turn to it with enthusiasm for knowledge of her mind and life.

An Exemplar of Chivalry

SALADIN. Prince of Chivalry. By CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

RUDYARD KIPLING once remarked that wherever there rose the minarets of a mosque, and muzzeins called to prayer, there the European could find an intelligible culture and standards of conduct not unlike his own. The really mysterious East, he said, only began beyond the borders of Islam. Certainly in the character of Saladin, as Mr. Rosebault portrays it, the Western reader will find nothing that he cannot understand, sympathize with, admire. All the annals of Christendom will hardly furnish so perfect an exemplar of the ideals of chivalry as the Kurdish chieftain who retook and kept Jerusalem for Islam. Indeed, in Mr. Rosebault's pages, Saladin seems a much more intelligible and sympthetic figure than Richard Coeur de Lion or any other of the crusaders who opposed him. And whether or not across the gulf of eight centuries Mr. Rosebault has grasped the real character of the Sultan, we may at least be confident that he has given us a true report of the picture which Moslem chroniclers, beginning with Saladin's own contemporaries delighted to draw of him.

To the Arabs, Saladin has always been a favorite hero. The pariot of Islam, whose unflagging zeal finally expelled the Franks from the holy places and ended the menace of Christian dominations, he has been endowed in their histories with all the virtues. He is the type of a just and merciful ruler, a brave and skilful soldier, a pious and yet not intolerant Moslem, devoted to his friends and generous to his enemies; invariably faithful to his promises; kind to his family, and yet unselfish in his ambitions and stern in his insistence that others be so also; courteous, affable, charitable. How much the fancy of his grateful people may have heightened the picture, we have today no means of knowing, but its general accuracy is substantiated by the admiring terms in which the Christian chroniclers agree to write of their most successful adversary. The story that Saladin so admired the institution of knighthood and its chivalrous obligations that he sought and received it at the hands of a Christian knight may be apocryphal, but it is none the less illuminating, and Mr. Rosebault is right in giving it prominence.

The difficulties of writing the life of a remote national hero like Saladin may be compared to those the historians of a thousand years hence would encounter with the life of George Washington, if they had no other sources than Parson Weems, some grade school text books, and a few complimentary references by Fox and Burke and Franklin. It is hard to make an ideally perfect hero come alive in a book. Mr. Rosebault has had no more luck in this direction than one would expect. But he has achieved a clear and engaging reproduction of the somewhat archaic, conventional portrait, and he has surrounded it with a background of twelfth century Islamic history in which the main events of that confusing period are distinguished with ease and precision. His "Saladin" is not a great book either as a history or as literature, but it is the most readable account in English of a striking personality, and an exciting time. The most readable, that is, but one. And for the sake of its superior accuracy and its wider background it ought to stand on your bookshelves—if you care about these things—beside your copy of "The Talisman."

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Gothic Sculpture 1140-1225

FRENCH SCULPTURE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE GOTHIC PERIOD. By MARCEL AUBERT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. (Paris: The Pegasus Press.) 1930.

Reviewed by A. KINGSLEY PORTER

A CHIEF advantage of academicism (or humanism, as it has been fashionable since Geoffry Scott to emphasize it) is the revolt it almost inevitably engenders. That is perhaps the reason why France, the most academic of all nations, has been a leading initiator. Who knows how much of her intellectual greatness may have been due to the irritation her academic system has aroused? Shave your face, and you will strengthen your beard. Oppress and maltreat your Voltaires and Victor Hugos and Prousts, your Viollet-le-Ducs, your Gauguins, your Cézannes, and you will make the feathers grow on the wings that will carry them away from bondage. The sure way to frustrate a genius is to receive him into the consecrated body. There he becomes commonplace. And his reception sooner or later, before, or more probably after, his death, is inevitable. The romantic of to-day becomes the humanist not of to-morrow, but of the day after to-morrow. The despised and rejected turns into the fad, and thereupon immediately looses its value. Hence it is, that the more rigid and exclusive, the more pedantic, an academy, the greater its usefulness. France which gave birth to the Academy, and much before embraced the academic spirit, also produced Rousseau; the age of Louis XIV was followed by the Revolution; Bouguereau did not live wholly in vain, if he and his like are responsible for Cézanne.

The two tendencies, the academic and the individualistic, are, I suspect, always more or less in all human nature, and always opposed. The battle between them is eternal. The academician is a believer in what has been accomplished; his admiration for masterpieces tends to make him skeptical of new expressions; to him wisdom seems to lie in imitating the best that has already been accomplished; he is interested above all in the discovery of formulas for producing new work which shall materially, rather than spiritually, resemble that of the past. The romanticist, on the other hand, is impatient of this attitude; he dislikes rules and pedantry; in his striving to express emotion he neglects the lessons which the past and its experiences can teach.

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Mediaeval art shows the same complex and continuous battle between the forces of humanism and emotionalism, conservatism and progress, that may be read in every other manifestation of human artistic activity. The field may be broadly divided into three periods: the pre-Romanesque, the Romanesque and the Gothic. The first is essentially a time of individualism, of romanticism, whence by the academically-minded it has been christened the Dark Ages, and its art regarded by humanists much as Corneille regarded *Mio Cid*. Even the academic tendencies of the Carlovingian Renaissance ended in the individualism of Reichenau, and expressionism has seldom been more completely realized than in the Celtic manuscripts or the Beatus. The second age, the Romanesque, was already a step towards academicism; it crushed out vital and independent styles like the Mozarabic, but it still retained a great measure of the romantic element, and was never standardized. But in the third age, the Gothic, academicism triumphs. The same universal principles were applied to architecture and sculpture that in our day have proved so successful in the manufacture of picture post-cards. Over the whole world appeared almost simultaneously, if not the same thing, imitations of the same thing.

It is of the sculpture of this Gothic period in France that Monsieur Aubert treats in the new Pantheon book before us. He is the leading French archaeologist; he knows the subject of which he treats as no one else, and what is most important of all, he brings to it love and sympathy. Knowledge of the monuments and of the literature about them; impeccable accuracy of detail; scholarly restraint, are evident on every page. Monsieur Aubert, unlike some of his countrymen, does not fail to give credit to foreign scholars for what they have done in his field; the work of men like Hamann and Voege, which French scholars have too often neglected, is generously recognized.

Those who have the advantage of knowing Monsieur Aubert personally, and of having heard his lectures in America, will not be surprised by this liberal attitude. For he has a nature of extraordinary sweetness, incapable of rancor, frank, quick to forgive. If there were more people like him in the world, the bitterness of political quarrels would soon be buried beneath the roses of happiness. The same tact that enchanted us all in his lectures, breathes forth from this book. It is a simple statement of the facts of early Gothic sculpture, clearly and learnedly presented.

I should not be entirely candid if I pretended to agree with all of Monsieur Aubert's opinions. In several instances he follows the classic tradition of French archaeology, which is less held in other countries. All this, however, is controverted ground, on which I fear difference of opinion is likely to continue, and about which we had best agree to disagree. From such disagreement a broad-minded and courteous attitude like that of Monsieur Aubert removes all sting.

On the other hand there are points on which Monsieur Aubert shows himself unexpectedly open to conviction. He puts Cahors and also Collonges after Chartres; he dates La Charité-sur-Loire c. 1140 against Beenken, whose work however he does not seem to know. He admits Burgundian and Aquitanian, as well as Languedocian and St. Denis influences at Chartres; he passes by with the silence they deserve several notable forgeries.

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The book opens with a discussion of St. Denis and the ever incomparable West Portal of Chartres. Monsieur Aubert analyzes swiftly and conservatively the style of the various hands—the great headmaster, as Alan Priest calls him, and the several lesser artistic personalities grouped under him. In agreement with Alan Priest, Monsieur Aubert rejects the hypothesis that this headmaster was called Roger, and that it is his portrait labelled with this name that appears sculptured on the façade. He brings forward instead a new explanation of the relief in question: he thinks it represents a donor, who was a butcher. Monsieur Aubert, faithful pupil of Lefeire-Pontcelis, lays great emphasis upon the moving forward of the façade after the fire of 1194 and the retouches carried out at that time.

Chartres, supreme in its beauty, marks at once the death of Romanesque and the birth of Gothic. It was followed by four decades of more or less insipid imitations; of those in France (for the quarry is not pursued over any fences) Monsieur Aubert gives us far and away the best study that has yet appeared. If the book contained only these pages, it would be necessary to every library and every serious student. Then the author comes to a subject close to his heart, and which he has made peculiarly his own, Senlis. He dwells at length on the Dormition of the Virgin—one of the supreme masterpieces of Gothic sculpture with which an elder generation of Americans grew up in familiarity through the appreciation of Professor Moore. Monsieur Aubert then passes on to the imitations and derivations of Senlis at Laon, Mantes and elsewhere in northern France, and brings his able text to a close with a study of the north and south portals at Chartres.

A new point of great importance, emphasized by Monsieur Aubert, is the influence of the Cistercians not only in the diffusion, but in the formation, of Gothic. "Gothic sculpture appeared . . . as a reaction against the pictorial and decorative style of the Romanesque." "As a contrast to the restlessness of Romanesque, comes the repose of Gothic, with its restrained gestures and attitudes. . . . The voice of St. Bernard is heard; the artist rejects little by little 'those strange beings, whose beauty consists in distortion, those dragons, monkeys, centaurs, tigers, and bristling lions, those monsters with many heads, that disturb the fancy and the attention.' . . . Iconography bows to rule, as dogma does, Sculpture cannot be left to the whims of artists, she has her teaching mission." Monsieur Aubert, like St. Bernard, is perhaps rather hard on Romanesque; but his strictures, however much one disagrees with them, strike rather near a bull's eye, like the remark of a living archaeologist of Cairo, who compared, or is said to have compared, the sculptures flanking the portal at Moissac to cockroaches crawling up a wall!

Physically Monsieur Aubert's book is one of the best productions of the Pegasus Press. The illustrations are superb. Of all the countless photographs and collotypes of these much-reproduced monuments that have passed through my hands, none equals these. The print is clear and good, as always in the books of this series. The English translation, while missing the lucidity of Monsieur Aubert's exquisite French, runs along easily enough. The book is much the best presentation of this period which exists, and will take its place as a classic.

Aristotelian Tragedy

THE TRAP. By DELFINO CINELLI. New York: The John Day Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IT is a rare pleasure in these days to come upon a book in which the interest is in the action, and the action is one, entire, and possessed of a certain magnitude—an Aristotelian tragedy. "The Trap" is such a book. It is a story of strong passions, set in conflict by the desire for revenge. The resulting struggle, in its bitterness, and in the division it causes in the reader's sympathies, reminds one of "The Jest"; but in "The Trap" there is none of the Renaissance magnificence of setting and language which lightened the horror of Bennelli's play, "The Trap," takes place in Italy of the present day; essentially it might be anywhere, except that one of the minor motives involved, devotion to the family of a landlord, is only to be found where there has been something like the feudal system; all the other motives, jealousy, desire, hate, love, are universal, and if the story appeals to us as peculiarly medieval or Latin, it is only because feelings of such vehemence are rare in our experience.

The prime mover of the piece is Stefano, gamekeeper on the estate of Paolo, lord of Ciciano. Before the beginning of the book, he has been beaten and insulted by Crab, a poacher. He has nursed his festering hate for a long time, but has no opportunity to satisfy it until Crab brings home from the city a beautiful wife, Armida, and sets her down in the dull mountain village. Then Stefano sees that he can destroy Crab by involving Paolo with Armida. But though Stefano is the initial mover, none of the others are reduced to puppets. The tragedy of the book comes from the fact that Armida and Paolo are more than bait for Stefano's trap; they are human beings of strong character, and Stefano finds that he has aroused forces which he cannot control. He is forced to see Armida, whom he does not hate, and Paolo, whom he has always served with affection and veneration, entangled in the snare which he meant only for Crab. The singular merit of the book is that it is not one tragedy but four, each created by the others and necessary to their creation. Each of the four principal characters, Crab, the humble Othello, who feels himself too harsh and rough for his exquisite bride Paolo, involved in a love affair that cannot be happy, not by his own desire, but by the temptation of another, Stefano, devoured himself by his grudge and compelled to feed it even on his lord and even Armida, fascinated by the strength of her brooding husband but repelled by his jealousy—might be the central figure. Each of them has the one fatal weakness, the hostility of circumstance, the agonized struggle in the soul, that makes a tragic protagonist.

The story is told with a careful and classic economy. We are told everything of the actors that is essential to the plot, but there is no parenthesis, like that which lets us know that Lady Macbeth had borne children. Of Armida, as of Andromache and Andromaque, we know only the circumstances and characteristics that bring about the catastrophe. In the dialogue, one feels, this economy becomes something very near parsimony. The only thing about the book that one could wish different is the very scanty revelation of the minds of the actors at certain crises. They act, and act perfectly convincingly; one may infer their thoughts from what they do; but one would like to watch the mental process. It

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is impossible not to think of the book in terms of the formal drama; and in these terms one may say that it is entirely made up of *scènes a faire*, none of which are given. Stefano pandering to Paolo, and touched with compunction as he does so; Armida feeling the glamor of Paolo's position as she speaks to him; Crab by his brutality driving her to Paolo—how much, one feels, these scenes would add! Instead, Signor Cinelli has related the whole, and has sometimes labored too much to make his points, when they might have been left to make themselves.

But though some fault may be found with the execution of the novel, none can be with the conception. Its interplay of forces, and their fury, are memorable. And even the slight meagreness of the telling may be, after all, but part of the book's secret, by which it avoids both the pathetic and the melodramatic, and attains the truly tragic.

Body and Soul

SANATORIUM. By DONALD STEWART. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930.

Reviewed by HANS ZINSSER, M.D.
Harvard University Medical School

TUBERCULOSIS, with its alternatives of hopefulness and discouragement and the final courage or despair when the pitilessly slow end must be faced, has been the subject of other books, some of them—like Schnitzler's "Sterben"—by writers of great power. But no one, so far as we know, has told the whole story in all its bitternesses and renunciations with such tragic simplicity as the author of "Sanatorium." The form of the narrative is autobiographical, and if it is not actually so, it is written by someone* sensitive to the degree of great art, who has spent long years in sympathetic association with the sick.

With the chronically and incurably afflicted, the weaknesses of the body are the smaller part of the pain. These may even, when extreme, bring relief from the sufferings of the spirit. The writer of this book knows all about the endless night without sleep in dimly-lighted wards, when the memory wanders about in the past as in a dark and long-abandoned house, among wistfully remembered happinesses, remorse, and relinquished ambition. He knows the too early awakenings from fitful sleep and the impatient waiting for the gray to grow light, with stirrings in neighboring beds, greetings, and the bustle of nurses, and all the little, trivial things that make the days more bearable than the nights.

An institution for the chronically ill is, like a closed aquarium, a little independent world that has a life apart from the outer one of struggle and ambition. Only the newcomers, until they are resigned to it, or those that have prospects of permanent release, create the slightest disturbance of its isolation: Doctors and nurses, though they go in and out, bring little from the larger into the smaller world when they put on their white clothes. The forced associations of institutional life, the common concentration of their own and one another's sufferings, and the companionships of hope and fear draw these men and women close together. Clive, who tells the story, comes here young, immature, and defeated, and finds in this community of wrecked existences vivid interests, friendships and an understanding that had escaped him in his earlier, commonplace life. Suffering and slow time mature him and bring him an equanimity and peace that he had not known when strong and well.

Through his eyes we see, sharply drawn, as though we had known them ourselves, the personalities of fellow-patients, of doctors, and nurses. There is no plot in the novelist's sense, any more than there is in most of the fine or tragic lives about us. But by this very absence of effort to make a story, the book gains in sincerity and vivid realization of its characters. Vere, who gallantly maintains his spurious snobbery and make-believe arrogance until he solves his own hopeless problem by suicide; Baxter, who finds his own solution in resignation to the inevitable, closes the door to the outer world, and puts his foot against it; minor characters that come and go—either back to the world or on to death—tragic, amusing, repulsive, with high courage or broken in spirit—they all walk through the chapters as they would through life and hold our interest and sympathy, without heroics or sentimentality, by their convincing realness.

The book should be of particular interest to the medical profession. There is a ruthless sharpness in the portraits of doctors and nurses which, without lack of grateful appreciation of professional wisdom and skill, is pitilessly free from the worship they are accustomed to from the sick. A few of these characterizations come so near to the Greek idea of depicting type that those familiar with hospitals will recognize friends and old sentimental attachments. If these gods of the little worlds of sanatoria and hospitals could always realize how keenly the bright eyes shining over the coverlets were watching them, they would often give more thought to the sensitive and wounded personalities than they usually do in their preoccupation with the bodies. The position of the physician in his relationship with the hospital patient is one of the few surviving examples of absolutism and engenders a Jehovah complex in all but the finest spirits. And the feeling of pity and affection for the helpless with which most well-intentioned young doctors approach their calling is soon worn to the bedrock of professional casualness by habit and fatigue. From the multitude of able men who can take perfect physical care of tuberculous patients, a few great ones like Trudeau stand out in the history of medicine largely because of

CARL VAN VECHTEN
A cartoon by Scheel.

their inexhaustible stores of human understanding and sympathy. The characterization in this book of the "Old Man," Dr. Abercrombie, the brutally healthy, domineering, but conscientious and skilful director whose professional wisdom is equalled by his spiritual stupidity, would be bitterly satirical were it not written as a simple, unresentful record of fact so that it conveys the impression of impersonal comment rather than that of intended satire.

As to the nurses, it will do many of them good to read what it does to the mind of a grown man to be forced by weakness to return to childhood and helplessly abandon the care of his body to other hands, however gentle.

One of the most impressive passages of the book is the sudden dignity, elation, and even happiness which come to Clive when he finally knows his fate and stands face to face with death and unresentfully accepts the inevitable.

Much of the tragic effectiveness of this book is due to its simplicity, to the utter absence of any effort for fineness of style or shock effects. There is nothing theatrical, heroic, or technically literary. It deals with suffering, disappointment, loneliness, tragedy, and death with the naturalness of actual experience, and there is nothing to stir the reader except his own sensitiveness and understanding. Even love is dealt with as it would happen with the personalities and under the circumstances involved. And in this field, in spite of many temptations, Mr. Stewart avoids joining the perineal school of literature.

* Since "Sanatorium" was published its author has died of tuberculosis.

A collection of 100,000 engraved portraits is being compiled by Professor Hans Singer, of Dresden. The work, which will be completed in ten volumes, is to be international in its range, and in addition to the usual indexes of sitters, artists, and engravers, there will be an index setting forth the sitters' professions.

So This Is New York

PARTIES: Scenes from Contemporary New York Life. By CARL VAN VECHTEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

ABOUT half way through this novel, when action is held up for the moment, the author allows himself a two-page disquisition on the typical activities of a season in New York. Listing numerous events, social, artistic, and historic, he goes on to enumerate the amusements we take more or less for granted. There were, he says, all manner of dinner-, theatre- and luncheon-parties, various indoor races and sports, musical entertainments, yachting parties, etc., etc. "In these respects, perhaps," he adds, "New York life did not differ to any great extent from that of other cities during the season, but in another respect, the matter of cocktail parties . . . it could be said that more were held in one day in Manhattan than in a month elsewhere." The whole novel might be considered as an illustration of this thesis.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a novel in which more drinking is described. Every other line some one mixes a drink or drinks it, and in every chapter —logically enough—nine out of ten of the characters are in a daze, if not actually unconscious. If it isn't sidecars, it's highballs, and if it isn't highballs, its cocktails, punch, etc. Gin, rye, absinthe are only staples in a list that seems fairly exhaustive. Those who like to read names on bottles or to do their drinking vicariously, will find plenty of thrills here for their thirsty mental gullets.

There is a little more to the novel, however, than this constant, almost incredible, imbibing. The characters do act, move, make love, seduce each other, talk, fight, curse, sleep—whenever they have time, it seems, between drinks. A man leaves his wife because, drunk, they can't get along and comes back because, drunk or not, they can't live apart. A boy commits a murder. Two people almost get married. Cause, consequence, past, future—everything is mixed up with that one word: drink.

"Parties! Parties!" cries Rilda, the wife. "We meet at parties and speakeasies. We love and eat and live at parties. Probably we'll die at a party too". . . . She spoke bitterly. Nobody does anything about it. David, her husband, answers her in effect in his closing speech before the assembled characters. "Hamish and I will get drunk as usual this afternoon . . . we shall somehow manage to arrive at Rosalie's in time for dinner where, of course, we shall meet Rilda and . . . we shall spend most of the evening at Donald's [a speakeasy] and probably end up in Harlem. That is the life of our times in words of two syllables. I am not bitter about it. I accept it as the best we can do. . . ." This speech fits in quite well with the general musical-comedy atmosphere, an atmosphere in which nothing seems very real, nothing important.

David, self-styled the "stallion" of this group, has several amusing Casanovian adventures. The characters sometimes talk in a picturesque slang that is really contemporary, and certainly quite unique.

"There's a girl up there you oughta hear. She does her hair so her head looks like a wet seal and when she pounds the piano the dawn comes up like thunder. Say, she rocks the box, and tosses it, you can bet, and jumps it through hoops, and wait till you hear her sing Subway Papa and then go back to the farm and tell the folks."

Next that "rocks the box" the rest of the writing seems almost stale—the words full of echoes, at least.

The opening chapter, with its mad fantastic whirl, its broken-off conversations, telephone calls, hints of violence, etc., is the best in the novel. It has a metallic brightness, a tense curve, somewhat like an airplane flight. Contrasted with this, the detailed building up of the Gräfin's background and circumstances is striking, but scarcely remarkable except for its dryness and fragility. Van Vechten has talents, of course—real talents. Is it not surprising that he uses them for books such as this one, which is flippant at best and occasionally a little—even more than a little—cheap?

The criminological library, used by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for reference in writing his Sherlock Holmes stories, was recently bought in London for £95 by Dr. A. S. Rosenbach. The books are autographed by Sir Arthur and many contain notes made by him in their margins. Some of the volumes once belonged to Sir William Gilbert.

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A Salesman for the Lord

D. L. MOODY. By W. R. Moody. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by Elmer Davis

TO write a full length, thorough-going biography of one's famous father is a delicate matter; especially when the father was engaged in such a work as Christian evangelism, whose importance is less generally accepted in this generation than it was in the last. Dr. Moody, however, has done his job with excellent judgment and excellent taste. If times have changed and evengelical theology has to a considerable degree changed with them, he takes that fact for granted, without apology for the old or argument for the new, and manages to maintain a nice balance between natural respect for his father and admiration for his father's work, and the critical detachment proper to the biographer of an extraordinary man.

Much of the book is quotation—too much, one is tempted to feel at times; but Moody's son has rightly felt that the testimony of disinterested witnesses would in certain cases carry more weight than the biographer's summary which might be ascribed to filial piety. Furthermore, where there are two records of the same event, one highly eulogistic and the other somewhat skeptical, he conscientiously reports them both. This, you may say, is what a biographer ought to do; but it must have been a constant temptation not to do it in writing the history of a man whose work was the object of some bitter attacks while he lived, and is likely to be dismissed with amused deprecation by the generation which has arisen since his death.

One thing this long and copious record makes clear, even to the most skeptical—Moody was not a man to be dismissed with amused deprecation. The personal evangelism for which he was noted seems to most moderns an impertinence; in his own day it was a privilege which public opinion was more ready to concede to professing Christians. The biographer grants a certain "lack of social education which led him in his zeal to offend many," but observes that "the accounts of his impulsive approach to men under any and all conditions are doubtless untrue or greatly exaggerated." This is plausible enough; once the legend was started, Moody stories must have sprung up like Ford stories or Coolidge stories.

Moody did many things for the cause of religion, but his greatest service was of course the countless revival meetings which he conducted for thirty years all over the United States and the British Isles. He was a man of powerful physique and he had Bryan's happy ability to refresh himself by a few minutes' sleep whenever the opportunity was offered; even so, he wore himself out at sixty-two. His revivals showed more enduring results, with fewer drawbacks, than those of any other of the great evangelists of his time. So far as he could, he repressed the tendency to hysteria inherent in all revivals; he was a plain man talking to plain people in their own language—giving a sales talk, in short. Before he turned to evangelism he had shown evidence of great business ability. At twenty-four, he was making five thousand dollars a year as a shoe salesman—a sum which in the early 'sixties was the equivalent of four or five times as much now. When religion took possession of him, he became a supersalesman for the Lord.

What gave him his power? The Christian would say that the spirit of the Lord was upon him. That was his own explanation of his success—"power from on high." The infidel may find the answer more difficult, but the search for it ought to be instructive. Moody was evidently a virtuoso of the pulpit; his printed sermons show that he was an artist in the use of words but they fall short of the effect which his personality always seems to have produced. A man of no education, he used language that everybody could understand; yet the preacher who powerfully influenced Henry Drummond, Wilfred Grenfell, John R. Mott, Kynaston Studd, William Robertson Nicoll cannot be dismissed as an apostle to the mob. Granted that he was a great personality, a great argumentative speaker, a great sales talker, he seems to have made a profound impression even on people who had no interest in his message by his tremendous earnestness, his driving power backed by an absolute singleness of purpose. If he had been born sixty years later he probably would not have taken religion as he did, even if he had taken it at all. Would anything else have given him that final accession of power that enabled him to succeed so brilliantly in the work he deliberately chose? His biography reinforces the question which is suggested by the recent history of the Adams family—where can a generation which has inevitably lost its faith in the old-time religion find a source of energy at all sufficient to replace it?

The Way of Cabelle

A Comedietta Involving a Transformation

I Of the Warring for Satteen

IT is an old tale and an oft-told tale and a tale told in the old, old way, which tells of the fighting between Jamesbranch, the King of Cabelle and Filistin, the King of Realle. It is told that the two kings desired Satteen, the step-daughter of Gloire, for the blue of her eyes and the red of her lips and the golden flaming of her hair. It is told that the King Filistin, with the men of Pish and Posh, warred upon the King Jamesbranch and besieged his towns Bosh and Bunk in the land of Poictesme and there was a rich flowering of tumult and much shouting. But the King Jamesbranch had to his aid the warrior Jurgen, and this Jurgen, astride his great war horse the Silver Stallion, wrought much havoc among the men of Filistin and took many captive. So for long it seemed that the battle was to Jamesbranch.

But, with the passing of time, the King of Cabelle was ware that age was stealing upon his champion, Jurgen, and that his joints creaked somewhat, so that he no longer was the man he had been, nor were there so many captives to his bow and spear. And the King Jamesbranch was ware that from himself, also, the years had taken toll. His eyes flashed not as had been their wont and his battle-brand, the famous Penne, was heavy in his hand.

It is told then that he took counsel with himself and said: "Though I have fought so many fights, a full twenty, and my man Jurgen for long wrought havoc among my enemies and took many captive, yet these men of Filistin still siege my towns of Bosh and Bunk. The battle is not to me, as I well know, nor shall I, under the weight of years, with only this veteran Jurgen for my mainstay, be able long to endure this warfare. Let me see then what it is all about and whether this prize for whom we contend be worth the struggle."

So was it that he called a truce, and in the space between the battle lines he met the King Filistin and the lady Satteen, step-daughter of Gloire. Then said Jamesbranch, "Satteen of the red lips and the rosy cheeks, how is it that your lips are so red and your cheeks so rosy for none other of the maids of Cabelle nor of Realle seem to me to have such a redness and such a rosiness?"

Then Satteen answered him: "O heart of all my happiness and hip of all my hurrahs, my lips and my cheeks were magicked by the touch of a great wizard, wherefore they are of a redness and a rosiness, which is a famousness among all the maids of Cabelle and Realle."

Then the King wetted the tip of his finger with the tip of his tongue, and therewith he drew a line upon the rosiness of the cheek of Satteen. Then the King saw that the tip of his finger was even as rosy as the cheek of Satteen.

Then the King said: "Was the name of this wizard, perchance, Coty?"

Then Satteen answered: "O delight of both my eyes and cure for what ails me, so it was."

Then the King lifted the hem of the shining robe of the lady Satteen and turned it so that he saw the back of it. Then he saw that her robe, which to the eye was all of shining silk, was on the inside of it but cotton, and he let fall the edge of her garment with a great sigh and said: "I hereby resign my office of King of Cabelle and all my pretensions to the hand of the lady Satteen, step-daughter of Gloire, this resignation to take effect immediately. For it is the way of Cabelle to love only ladies whose redness and rosiness come not out of bottle or box and whose robes are silken throughout. With kindest regards, yours truly, Jamesbranch."

And so the aging Jamesbranch departed his kingdom and the lady Satteen.

II. Of Jamesbranch in His Journeying

It is told that the aging Jamesbranch fared alone through the dark wood of Otherwhere in the land of Realle. And it is told also that there in his way sat a rude man by a little hut. This rude man lifted his voice and cried out, "Any old clothes, mister?"

But him the aging Jamesbranch answered disdainfully: "See you not that I walk mother-naked, as is the way of Cabelle," and so he passed on. But the rude man laughed raucously and cried after him, "You better get hep to yourself, mister, or the police'll git you. This here ain't Cabelle. Better let me sell you a pair of pants."

Then Jamesbranch went on and came to a cave, and there sat by it a rude man. Then this rude man cried out "Hot dogs! Chicken and waffles."

But him Jamesbranch passed by in high fashion, saying, "Though I wend for days and years, I take no food, for that is the way of Cabelle." Then the rude man laughed sneeringly and cried after him, "You won't last long on an empty belly, mister. This here's Realle, not Cabelle. Better have a sandwich."

Then he fared onward and came to a gay pavilion and by it stood a rude man, who called out "Sunoco! Texaco! Socony! Free crankcase service! Flats fixed!" And this one, too, Jamesbranch passed by in that grave and lordly manner of his, saying "I have no need for your wares, for I go upon my two feet, as is the way of Cabelle."

But the rude man laughed sardonically and cried after him, "Wake up, old bozo. Nobody don't walk no more. Better let me sell you a good second-hand Ford cheap."

Then the tale tells that the aging Jamesbranch felt the chill wind of the land of Realle on his bare body and even in the marrow of his old bones. And his empty belly cried out to him for food and he was ware that his bare feet were aching with stone-bruises and blisters. And it came upon him that the old way of Cabelle would not work in this land of Realle. Thereupon he went back the way he had come and from the first of these men he bought him a pair of pants and a coat and a bowler hat and shoon. And from the second, three-hot dog sandwiches and a quarter of pumpkin pie. And from the third, a Ford of the vintage of 1916.

So, clothed and refreshed, he rolled along in great content, sounding the horn of his motor merrily the while.

III. Of the Way It Ended

The tale says then that the aging Jamesbranch came at last to a garden and saw therein a lady. Now this lady was not so dazzling to his eyes as had been the lady Satteen, but she seemed more durable. And so he said "Fair lady, what is your sweet pretty name?" And she said "Lizajaine."

Then said Jamesbranch "I am come out of the land of Cabelle—" Whereat she laughed merrily, but he went on, "Never mind that, for its ways I have forsworn, as you may see by my garments and my bowler hat and my Ford. Now I have seen that in this land of Realle there are comforts to be had, such as in the land of Cabelle they wot not of nor can attain, so that I am minded to dwell here and enjoy them.

"To get right down to brass tacks, I've got a proposition to make to you. Why not you and me open an oiling station and hot-dog stand? It's a swell racket. Me run the gas station and you cook the hot dogs. It's a cinch we'd go big. And you'll be my lady in domnei."

Then she said "I don't get you. What's this here domnei? Does it mean wife? If it does, all righty. If it don't, nothing doing."

Then he said, "Never mind that. That's just a little hangover from the way of Cabelle. Matrimony, straight goods, that's the word."

Then she said "You're on, Jimmy. Wedding-bells and gas and hot-dogs for us. It's a good graft." Then she laughed merrily and opened a tiny casket, wherefrom she took a little pad and a little stick. And with the pad she patted her cheeks, and they bloomed afresh, and with the stick she touched her lips, and they were as rubies, whereat Jamesbranch lifted questioning eyebrows. But then he sighed resignedly and said to himself "Oh, well, I suppose they all do it. Anyhow, here goes for the ways of Realle, for I have tried the way of Cabelle, and it is such a foolishness."

Christopher Ward.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Religion and Sociology

RELIGION IN HUMAN AFFAIRS. By CLIFFORD KIRKPATRICK. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1929. $4.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR L. SWIFT, JR.

HERE is a sincere attempt better to understand the origin, development, and present significance of religion. Although the author has failed to rise above his own prejudices, as who does not, he nevertheless has succeeded in writing a book which, in balance and restraint, affords a much needed antidote to the partisan invective of Barnes and the lofty condescension of Mencken. He approaches religion as a culture pattern within the intricate complexity of social processes and cultural relationship, — for fully half of the book dealing with primitive religions, and more especially with those of the Winnebago, the Ekoi, and the ancient Egyptians. With a fine critical insight, the result of careful scholarship, Dr. Kirkpatrick presents the classic theories of the origin and nature of religion,—Taylor's doctrine of animism, Spencer's theory of ancestor worship, and Durkheim's "totomic principle." Refusing to accept any one of them as wholly true, he offers an interesting analysis of the sources of religion in terms of three types of factors,—the physical, the psychological, and the social. Next he threads the maze of conflicting evidence and opinion as to the priority and interrelatedness of magic and religion, wisely concluding that at their source they are inextricably interwoven, perhaps rising from a common stem, and in later practice not easily distinguishable save that magic is, as a rule, coercive of supernatural powers, while religion is not.

This section of his book the author concludes with a question and an answer which may fairly be taken to represent both his judgment of religion as based upon fallacious thinking and his sense of its social worth.

> If religion be based on hallucinations, dream experiences, and the like, why has it been able to survive so many thousands of years? . . . It has gratified a craving for power and has given a certain mental stimulus to men by peopling the world with supernatural beings. In its mythological aspects it has gratified man's desire to explain the world about him. It has given solace and hope in time of crisis and despair; it has reinforced tribal customs that may themselves have had survival value. Above all, it has given a bond of social unity, offered man a tradition, and has furthered the coöperation which has made a puny biped the lord of all creation.

But excellently as it might serve the purpose, this is not religion's epitaph. Professor Kirkpatrick, in the closing words of his book, admits that supernaturalism will for many remain a necessity. "Perhaps," he says, "the next hundred thousand years will find men living as close to an unseen world as did our half-brute ancestors, long ages before the dawn of human history." He may be right, and for other reasons than those he surmises. Certainly there is a subtle self-flattery in the implication that a hundred thousand years may not suffice to lift the humble masses to the level of the author's enlightenment.

However, the conclusions of so careful a student cannot be facetiously dismissed. And it is in the later chapters of the book that he comes to grips with modern religion. Religion is sometimes in itself one of the strongest of social bonds. It has many elements in common with patriotism —which, though it lacks supernaturalism, is in other respects not dissimilar. It is the function of religion to aid custom in making anything right:

> . . . religion has in general exerted a repressive and negative control and has lent its authority to customs which oppose that full, free, and complete development of human personality which is considered by modern ethics essential to a good life. . . . The religious attitude is uncritical, prone either to accept the customs and traditions of the past without question or to reach out eagerly with faith and with longing toward some bright will-o'-the-wisp.

Would education and government fare better under a similar attack? Religion is condemned in the name of the idiosyncracies of human nature. Given human nature, has religion made it better or worse? On this point there is much disagreement, but it is clear that Dr. Kirkpatrick longs for the time when man's intellect, using the methods of science, will replace this awkward prop.

And yet there remain certain questions unanswered, questions science has no scientific right to forbid. "Is there or is there not an Unseen World of the Spirit?" "Is there or is there not a creative Purpose operative in the universe?" Those who seek truth will welcome every honest effort to find the answers. Some scientists will call such effort futile. But only the pseudo-scientists will dare to answer these questions with a convinced and final "no."

War Propaganda

SPREADING GERMS OF HATE. By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

IF Mr. George Sylvester Viereck had taken a little more trouble, his book might take rank as a really useful study of propaganda in general and World War propaganda in the United States in particular. Mr. Viereck is peculiarly qualified to write such a book. Of German and American parentage, speaking both German and English, fairly well known and with access to responsible officials in both countries, he is in an almost unique position to understand his problem. Furthermore, he was personally active for a long time in pro-German propaganda, though he asserts that these activities ceased when the United States entered the war. One naturally expects something better than hack work of him.

Unhappily, by his excessively melodramatic style and his almost total failure to document his statements—both possibly due to the original appearance of his book in the form of popular magazine articles—and also by gross carelessness which results in shocking errors of fact, he greatly reduces his readers' confidence and the value of his work, except as entertainment. No one can deny him the ability to be amusing, but after one has read a little, one understands the cautious sentence with which Colonel House concludes his foreword: "I do not assume responsibility for Mr. Viereck's facts, nor do I concur in all of his opinions and conclusions, but I welcome the spirit with which he has undertaken his task."

A number, at least, of the facts for which Colonel House declines responsibility are plainly wrong. It was the *World's Work*, not the New York *World*, which "discontinued the publication of a series of articles on German plots by (John R.) Rathom in 1918 because it had reason to believe that his material was faked." Bolo Pasha was shot for his war offences against the French Republic, not hanged. Mr. Viereck's imposing list of Americans in high office who have been decorated by the Allies takes on quite a different light when one realizes that most of them were decorated after America entered the war, for war services. Lord Fisher's letter to von Tirpitz, written in 1916, was, so far as I know, never sent—a fact which Mr. Viereck fails to make clear. The Lusitania medal was dated two days ahead of the actual fatality, an important point which Mr. Viereck fails to clear up. He quotes an anti-German utterance by Dr. Vernon Kellogg, but fails to mention that Dr. Kellogg, a scholar of the highest repute, was actually living at German headquarters. He certainly has as much right to his opinion as Mr. Viereck who at that time was comfortably at home in the United States. And while we are mentioning a distinguished entomologist, we might set Mr. Viereck right in his entomological allusions. The insect fauna of the United States contains no such creature as a "lunar moth." There is the species "actias luna," which is sometimes popularly called the "luna moth." Again, the journal of the French Ministry of Marine is not the *Revue Militaire* but the *Revue Maritime*. Moreover, it is not an "official" organ, as Mr. Viereck states, but is issued by a private publisher "avec le concours du service historique de l'état-major de la marine." Responsibility for articles is specifically stated on the title page to be left to authors.

It is possible that the British really did shoot "leaflets from a six-inch gun," as part of their propaganda work. But it would be interesting to know how paper survived the heat generated by explosion, which is sufficient to melt steel.

Some of these errors, no doubt, are trivial. But the point is that a little checking would have prevented them altogether. The thoughtful reader wonders, as he reads Mr. Viereck's amazing stories of propagandist achievements—which the reader cannot check!

If one be sufficiently divine to forgive Mr. Viereck his more than human capacity for error, one will find his book highly readable and even at times profitable. He tells in detail how he and others, acting on their own initiative, began the German propaganda here, and later came to coöperate with Germany's official representatives. It is interesting to have his opinion that German propaganda failed because Germany would not allow her agents a free hand.

"The British gave their propaganda chiefs *carte blanche* in financial matters. The Germans were tortured by nightmares in which they saw themselves working for the rest of their natural lives to reimburse the Oberrechnungskammer for some unauthorized expenditure." Hence the German agents meticulously "preserved the stubs of their check books to the discomfiture of their friends." Nevertheless, they did, from their own standpoint, a fairly good job, influencing newspapers, publishers, and pacifists—sometimes without any consciousness on the victims' part that they were playing the German game.

Mr. Viereck performs a useful service in his discussion of the alleged Potsdam Crown Council, at which it was formerly supposed the German Government officially decided to bring on a World War. He gives the Kaiser himself as authority for the view that such a rumor was going about Berlin, and probably led to its acceptance as fact. Mr. Viereck blames Herr von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador in Constantinople, for having spread it. But Wangenheim, he says, "told an untruth. His motives, shrouded in mystery, will remain inscrutable because death has sealed his lips forever."

One lays down "Spreading Germs of Hate" with regret. A great deal of it is certainly true. It sounds sincere, and much of it is written from first-hand knowledge. But so much is plainly wrong, and where documentation is most needed it is so glaringly lacking, that one can only describe the book as a great opportunity missed. It is regrettable that any author, having personal contacts which open so many bits of confidential information to him at first hand, should have used them so badly.

Religion and the United States

THE RELIGIOUS BACKGROUND OF AMERICAN CULTURE. By THOMAS CUMING HALL. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES W. FERGUSON

UNLUCKILY, professors of history have paid little or no attention to the religious agitation which from the first has marked the behavior of these United States. Certain paroxysms have been violent enough, to be sure, to get into the subheads. But that is about all. The religious scene has yet to be laid open to that curious inspection which it deserves. And the assignment is not one for theologians but for historians and curio-hunters who will ransack the records to find the real part religious ferocity has had in the pageant of democracy.

Professor Thomas Cuming Hall is among the first to begin this task and he has approached his investigation with creditable detachment. His book makes two distinct contributions. One is to dispel the pious notion that the Republic was conceived by men who sought religious freedom and that our religious background is Puritan. His contention is at variance with popular fancy and orthodox liberalism, but on the whole he makes a good case of it and lays down documents which are difficult to dispute. For the most part, the Professor points out, those who came to this country were children of an aggressive spirit which in England had identified itself with the Lollard movement, a pilgrimage recruited from the lowest classes of the population. Our forefathers—cut-throats, artisans, and tradesmen—came not to escape persecution but to make money. It so happens that they brought the religion of their class with them. This religion—far from being Puritan in any exact sense of the word—was the religion of separatism and on these shores it finally came to be the religion of dissent run amuck. The Puritans, credulous souls in the main, never deserted the Church of England but clung to the belief in its heaven-sent mission and believed that it could be reformed from within.

They were lovers of order, tradition, and sobriety, and the spectacle of Separatists babbling without authority from an inspired Word was quite as distasteful to them as it must be to Bishop Manning today. Just what difference it all makes is another matter, for the term Puritan in our time is employed to cover anything obnoxiously moral. But the fact remains for those who care to embrace it or dispute it that our religious background is not Puritan at all but Separatist and that the feature which characterizes it is a belligerent sense of freedom and dissent. In a word, it is the religion of *laissez-faire*.

In the light of this contention, Professor Hall proceeds to interpret The Great Awakening, Dwight L. Moody, "Hold the Fort For I am Coming," the Ku Klux Klan, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Christian Science, and the leading evangelical denominations. The interpretation is not at all times as explicit as a beardless layman would wish, but there are passages of singular interest. The Mormon Church the author sees as the reanimated skeleton of the tradition of dissent with its sweaty and assertive confidence in the infallibility of an inspired book; Christian Science, too, he urges as a religion possible only in an atmosphere of credulity and zest and inspired thought-forms. Religion among us has gotten out of the hands of the priests and into the hands of the people and such flimsy compromises between chaos and order as Anglo-Catholicism have had hard sledding.

With customary grace the author says at the close that his book is only the beginning. Though it would be polite to deny it, the fact is that he is right. There are other and more hearty books to be written on the subject, but until they appear one could do no better than to forego three one-dollar books and get Professor Hall's able volume. It is fluid and written with a gay sense of discovery. And after all Bishop Cannon and other modern religious phenomena cannot be understood merely from the newspapers.

Knole Castle the home of the Sackvilles, the subject of Miss V. Sackville West's "Knole and the Sackvilles," and the setting of Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" is the Chevron of Miss Sackville West's new novel, "The Edwardians." It is said to have 365 rooms, one for every day in the year, seven courts, one for each day in the week, and fifty-two staircases, one for each week. According to Miss Sackville-West, the main block of Knole dates from the end of the fifteenth century although there are several earlier out-buildings. The walls are of grey stone, in many places ten and twelve feet thick, and most of the rooms are rather small and rather low. The windows are rich with armorial glass. Many of the floors are made of black oak trees sawed in half and laid with the rounded half down. The wood walls are hung with countless pictures, the Sackville portraits of ten generations.

Stefan Zweig, who is poet, novelist, and dramatist as well as critic and biographer has turned the studies which recently took form in his life of Joseph Fouche to further use. He has recently issued a tragi-comedy entitled "Das Lamm des Armen" (Leipzig: Insel Verlag), which introduces Napoleon's Chief of Police into its action. The play centers about the unsuccessful efforts of one of Napoleon's lieutenants to get redress from Bonaparte who has seduced his wife while in Cairo.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AS promised last week we now intend to comment upon the latest three volumes in the Songs of Today Series issued by Coward-McCann, which retail at a dollar a volume. These are "The Proof," by Yvor Winters, "Young Land," by Gwendolen Haste, and "Far Lake," by Wade Van Dore. Mr. Winters is far and away the best-known modern poet of the three, having already received much praise. He belongs to the younger experimentalists, among whom Hart Crane is the most eminent. "The Proof" is divided into three parts, each representing a method. The first part is lyrical, in the new manner generally devoid of punctuation, capital letters being used merely for the beginnings of sentences, as in prose, and not for the beginnings of separate lines. The second part consists of sonnets, all but the last poem. The third part is lyrical again, but in regular verse-forms with the traditional punctuation and capitalization.

It would seem to us that the method used in the first section must by this time have evolved enough instances to allow of its rules being codified. We are often puzzled as to what its general rules are, and we should seriously welcome any exposition by any one of its practitioners, as it often seems to admit of considerable inconsistency. As to its rhythms, they are abrupt, wrenching. Witness:

Dry snow runs burning
on the ground like fire—
the quick of Hell spin on
the wind. Should I believe
in this your body, take it
at its word? I have believed
in nothing. Earth burns with a
shadow that has held my
flesh; the eye is a shadow
that consumes the mind

For period there is a white line before the subsequent exclamation "Scream into air!" The older metric in free verse would probably have printed the lines as

Dry snow
Runs burning on the ground like fire—
The quick of Hell
Spin on the wind.
Should I believe
In this your body, take it
At its word?
I have believed in nothing.
Earth burns with a shadow
That has held my flesh;
The eye is a shadow
That consumes the mind.

The rhythm of breathing speech becomes more evident thus, the sense emerges more quickly. At least, that is our individual opinion. And we have never been able to see the force of breaking a line on an article ("a," "an," or "the") or on a connective or on a subordinate word. The result is to give the word entirely disproportionate impact. Take this extract from another poem.

Blunt boats all night
groan against granite surge. Wet
wind strikes solid on
the flesh the cry starts
from the heels. on concrete.
shatters living bone.

In this arrangement it may be effective to stress the word "Wet" by the unavoidable pause thereafter, but why so stress "on," or the word "starts" when the important word in its line is "cry"? Here also several other points of technique are raised. Why no punctuation between the words "flesh" and "the" in the fourth line, why no capitalization after the period following the word "heels" in the fifth line, and why the period following the word "concrete"? We ask to be informed. To us these matters seem arbitrary. A rhythmic free verse that is almost blank verse would emerge in arranging the lines as

Blunt boats all night groan against granite surge.
Wet wind strikes solid on the flesh, the cry
Starts from the heels, on concrete
Shatters living bone.

In Mr. Winters's verse in this section of his book it is not, for the most part, that the thing he is saying is difficult to follow so much as that his manner of presenting it typographically constantly curbs its natural rhythms. His phrasing is often arresting, his impressions of natural things are sensitive, his metaphysic is interesting, but he often thwarts its effectiveness through mere singularity of presentation.

This is not to say that he has not his obscurities. They are apparent in the above. They occur also in the sonnets. In "The Moralists," in some ways a poem remarkable for its subtlety, the use of the word "packed" remains inscrutable and seems "dragged in for the rhyme" as much as anything of which they ever accused a Keats. The sestet is firm and forthright, however, and contains a striking simile in "the brain throbbing like a ship at night." "Apollo and Daphne" we like best of the sonnets, though we can see no merit in the adjective "cellular."

The poems in section three, in their traditional forms, have their music. "Hymn to Dispel Hatred at Midnight" is probably the best and the most moving, "Communion" probably the most lyrical. These are all muted poems, and it is strange that the same hand wrote them that wrote, for instance, such a poem as "Bison" in the first section, a wild bit of impressionism. This argues, of course, Mr. Winters's versatility. "Moonrise" in the last section is wholly beautiful, though it lacks somehow the impression of the poet's individualness.

Gwendolyn Haste's method in "Young Land" presents no difficulties though it yields no signal successes. She gathered her material through a knowledge of the people of modern Montana and a delving into the folklore of the state. The opening poem, concerned with a man Colter's description of a geyser he had found, sets the vivid tone of the book. The last verse of "Sketch from Portrait," inspired by a picture found in a history, is a nice appreciation of a pioneer:

That is the life that I'd like best,
To carry rattlers in my breast,
To fling my gold to the scrambling crowd,
And peacefully die in the Robber's Nest.

She tells of a western women's feud in "Tree of Heaven," speculates concerning the actual life of a State Senator in "Biography," conjures up a modern cowboy, the silent watching Indians, the blood-gaudy ghosts of an old ranch-house, and a cryptic horseman, in other poems. Her series on "Montana Wives" is a gallery of various portraits, one of the best of them "Horizons." The imagined speaker is being commiserated on her empty life under "the Beartooth Mountains fairly screaming with light and blue and snow," as the commiserator departs for her white stucco house in Billings

And looks through net curtains at another white stucco house,
And a brick house,
And a yellow frame house,
And six trimmed poplar trees,
And little squares of shaved grass.

Though with scant sympathy for successful First Citizens, Miss Haste is an excellent celebrator of pioneers, as "The Day-break Call" proves. She ends this particular group of poems with a fine "Epilog." She can seize also upon the mystery of a pariah snake or of an Indian ghost, and communicate it. Her longer poem "Gold" brings back the old Vigilante days. And her final "Prayer of the Homesteader" is a convincing prayer:

We were taught simple things when we were young.
We know the path a plow makes in black loam,
The way of pleasant showers on April days,
The soft winds of our home.
We know the healing rains of summer nights,
And the gold plenty of the harvesting.
But this land fights.
Its hard brown sod protests against the plow,
Its stubborn grasses cling.
Our young crops are beat flat by roaring hail,
And when the rains should visit us in spring
There comes a hot strange gale,
Like desert wind blown over glittering sand
That dries the little wheat.
Lord, did you mean that men should farm this land?

(Continued on page 115)

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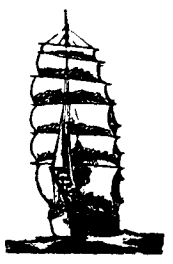

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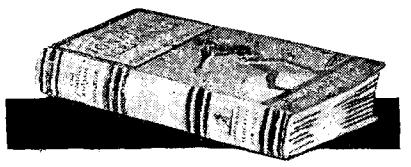

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SOME RECENT FICTION

Abnormality and Tragedy

REVELATION. By ANDRÉ BIRABEAU. Translated by UNA, LADY TROUBRIDGE. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

IN "Revelation," as in "Œdipus the King," the essential action is complete before the book begins; we witness only the disclosure of a fact already accomplished, and the horror that this disclosure brings. But in the "Œdipus" the discovery comes slowly, providing action and suspense in itself, whereas in "Revelation" it comes early and with inescapable swiftness, so that the book is simply the picture of a woman suffering helplessly in a situation that brings not only despair, but disgust. Madame Casseneuil is entirely devoted to her son; her husband, a newspaper correspondent, is away for most of the time, but her son she has always kept close to her. At last, however, his business obliges him to move from Paris to Avignon; while there, he is killed in an automobile accident. His mother goes to collect his effects and finds a package of love letters. They were written to her son by a man. The rest of the book is devoted to portraying, with great skill and coolness, her horror and loathing, and the bitter combat between her conventional morals and her maternal instincts.

The effect of "Revelation," more than that of most books, will depend upon the reader. Many people will no doubt feel that the entire conception is intolerably painful. They will feel that abnormality and the abhorrence of abnormality are bearable to witness in a Phèdre, where the magnitude of the passions and the splendor of their expression afford some relief, but not in Madame Casseneuil, whom the very shallowness of her nature makes only the more pathetic, like a dog or a child in pain. Such readers will refuse to be harrowed for the sake of any increased knowledge of human nature under exceptional stresses, saying with the lady in "Getting Married": "The Chinese know what a man is like when he is being cut into little pieces. I don't care for that sort of knowledge."

But there will also be many readers who will value the book highly for its grave, unsentimental presentation of a difficult theme. Madame Casseneuil's recollections of her son's childhood, of his submission, for example, to the little girl who pretended to be a queen, afford a case history of whose implications she is herself entirely unaware. The development of the timid, petted, fatherless boy is slowly revealed, with great subtlety, as seen by a woman incapable of seeing it as it was, and yet through her eyes we see it clearly. The tone of the book has a notable Gallic clarity. Anglo-Saxon authors rarely find a middle ground, in treating sexual abnormality, between savage reprobation and a highly romantic, almost personal admiration. M. Birabeau writes with a dispassionate pity for a deformity that silently rebukes both.

Spirited Foolery

POET'S PUB. By ERIC LINKLATER. Cape & Smith. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

THIS is one of the gayest, youngest, and happiest tales which has come out of England in many a year (P. G. Wodehouse being Anglo-American in style.) Saturday Keith, an Oxford poet who had for three successive years stroked the losing Oxford crew, gave up a business job and went for a walking trip. A friend of his, Quentin Cotton, got him the chance to become manager of the *Pelican* in Downish, "the most expensive pub in Britain," which Lady Mercy Colton (relict of Colton's Ale) had taken over. Keith ran his public house with imagination and humor. He revived Elizabethan cookery and he had a bartender who invented a blue cocktail.

A group of amusing people gathered at the *Pelican*, including two Americans—Theodore van Buren, the mining engineer, and Æsop R. Wesson, a bibliophile, who was not all he should have been—Professor William Benhow and his daughter Joan, with whom Keith fell in love; a red-headed chambermaid named Nelly Bly, who was really a newspaper woman in disguise and who frightened off suitors by remarking "My first husband was a Cossack," Lady Porlet, who was mid-Victorian and made stupid remarks which somehow contained a lot of solid truth, and a further mixed gathering.

Keith was hard at work upon a new and ambitious epic poem, in the *Hudibrastic* manner, entitled "Tellus Will Proceed," which should by all means be written by Mr. Linklater when he has time to spare.

Naturally when he misses the only copy of this masterpiece, when Holly loses the recipe for blue cocktails, and when Van Buren loses his new formula for the hydrogenation of coal in the mine, at one and the same time, there is a tremendous chase north to Scotland, in a variety of automobiles, leading to pleasant and exciting complications, an amusing confession and a happy ending.

"Poet's Pub" is a humorous, full-bodied tale, of great vitality and wide ambition, despite its genial foolery. It suggests that college-bred post-war England is about to take the speed-record away from the littérateurs of our younger generation. All our sad young men have a Message and they *will* blurt it out; Mr. Linklater has something to say—which is rather more than a Message—and knows how to make it implicit in the action of his spirited extravaganza.

A Romantic in Spite of Himself

SAILORS OF FORTUNE. By WILLIAM MCFEE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT L. ROE

WHEN William McFee, novelist, turns to short story writing he illustrates anew a certain proverb relating to a leopard and his spots, for his short stories are not short stories as the *genre* is understood in these states. They are tales, contes, novellas, little novels, all complete, full of racy characterization, wise observation (which is several removes from wise cracks), and composed in long intricate rhythms.

Nevertheless, to the reader who doesn't care a hang whether or not a story fulfils certain supposed technical requirements, provided it entertains, or thrills, or makes accessible to him characters and backgrounds which would otherwise be out of his range, this deliberate author's "Sailors of Fortune" brings plenty of drama (and some melodrama), characters as diverse and as sympathetically drawn as Captain Musker, amateur skipper of a transatlantic passenger steamer, Carlos Goenaga, the Central American of high spirit and untarnishable honor, Captain Linder honestly in love with a little Syrian girl he was keeping in Alexandria and respectably anxious that his confidant should not "jump at conclusions," and scenes as wide apart as his synthetic country of Costaragua, a locale on the banana coast, familiar to the reader of "Pilgrims of Adversity," and the island of Teriphos where the Greek, Dr. Damocles, learns about women from an American girl.

To a different sort of reader interest centres in Mr. McFee as presented in the contrast between the stories he writes and the way he chooses to write them. One notes briefly that a great many of these tales hinge on conflict between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon viewpoints. His most comprehensible characters are English or Scotch. And though they sometimes do disreputable things, they usually have a respectable reason, or try to. Well and good, that is the way of Anglo-Saxons and he makes it clear even when he pokes fun at it. But the Latin (and the Greek or Syrian) is a puzzle to him. He cannot quite comprehend their lack of effort to defend their unreasonable actions. Those impulsive deeds that spring out of temperament, are regretted perhaps, but admitted for what they are and passed over with a shrug of the shoulders, are mostly incomprehensible to him. But he speculates on it.

One of his characters, narrator of a story is made to say, "I regarded Mr. Ferguson with admiration. In half a dozen words he had compressed the gist of most romantic stories. He put it so she should believe the incredible."

Ah! here is a light. Mr. McFee in his wanderings has himself met the incredible and been forced to believe it, much to the discomfiture of a logical Scottish mind. He has met the incredible *i. e.* the romantic, more often in Latin countries, hence when he writes romance he deals with people the mainspring of whose conduct under pressure he cannot fathom. He puts Anglo-Saxon reasoning into those people, up to a certain point, which is the point where those actions begin which are incredible, in other words the dénouement of his stories. When he comes to these he pauses, nonplussed, puts down what happened, and lets it go at that, which is a very honest way of getting out of the difficulty into which his speculative mind has led him. It is just the opposite of the problem with which Conrad was faced, of taking the logical British mind and fitting to it a romantic Slavic tendency. Conrad was a realist in spite of his temperament and McFee a romantic despite what he believes. His stories are battlegrounds between a logical mind and an entirely illogical and wilful world. The carnage is frightful and superlatively interesting. The romantic events win out because they happened, but one feels that their recorder disapproves.

Mr. Phillpotts as Satirist

THE APES. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THE way from tragedy in modern Devon to satirical comedy at a monkey conclave in the prehistoric past is far enough in all conscience, but for nearly half a century now the prolific Mr. Phillpotts has been making such journeys back and forth from fantasy to realism with a good deal more than ordinary success. This new simian comedy is an amusing little book but it will serve only as cumulative evidence that Mr. Phillpotts's fame as a writer must rest upon his grim Devon tales rather than upon such works of pure imagination as this.

The book is a fantasy in one scene and that scene a gathering of the nation of the monkeys upon a jungle morning before man emerged upon the earth. The Seven Mighty Ones of the Great Simian Age address the monkeys assembled to listen to this best of wisdom. Each of the mighty Seven has come to add an idea to the store of monkey knowledge. By turns they suggest such radical propositions as the cultivation of bananas, the eating of shell-fish, the erection of houses upon the ground and the creation of an army with the ultimate ideal of bringing the whole jungle, even the great cats, under monkey domination. One even proposes the alarming idea of marriage by courting instead of capture, and barely escapes sentence to the Death Stone for his temerity. Then at last comes Zeb, the youngest and most daring and the first Gibbon ever to gain membership in the Seven. His speech is pure heresy. It is nothing less than the vision or the foolishness that the ape may not be the ultimate being upon earth under the divine plan of the Great Ape.

As he lies upon the Death Stone, where the unanimous clamor of the monkeys has sent him, the miracle happens. Relativity intervenes long before Mr. Einstein, just as creative evolution strutted here long before Mr. Bergson. The vision of man appears standing above the prostrate Gibbon genius. Man not only appears but he makes a speech. The sum total of his wisdom is that every little monkey and every little man should keep bright and shining his little link in the chain of evolution. It is a sort of prophetic rendition of the well-known later lyric, "Brighten the corner where you are."

Short as the book is, there is a feeling in the reading of it that it might have been cut to vast advantage. Here is an amusing idea for a droll tale which Mr. Phillpotts has strung out to the length of a book. But there is a greater flaw than this. Mr. Phillpotts seems to be writing a single artistic work from diverse intellectual attitudes. He moves back and forth from satire to sentimentality in a fashion difficult for the reader to follow pleasantly. There is satire of science and at the same time the endowment of evolution with a philosophy as sweet as any Sunday School theology that ever was. Fundamentally the work is rather sentimental than satiric for always the sweetness robs satire of its edge. There is sugar in Mr. Phillpotts's salt, but there is never any salt in his sugar. The truth is that Mr. Phillpotts here is too much of an evangelical optimist to be a very vigorous satirist.

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Selected Highlights from the MACMILLAN Fall List

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY presents in this announcement some of the outstanding books in one of the finest fall lists we have ever published. Complete descriptions of these titles, as well as many others on every phase of human knowledge, are contained in our *Fall Announcement*, a booklet of 143 pages; our juvenile catalogue, *Macmillan Books for Boys and Girls*, a handsomely illustrated list of books for children of all ages; and in *Books for Better Gardens* and *Outdoor Books*. Copies of these useful booklets will be sent free, postage paid, to anyone upon request to the publishers, The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or any bookseller will supply them.

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A Letter from Italy

By Samuel Putman

IF there is one quest with which the the young Italian writer of today is concerned, more than with any other, it would appear to be that of a narrative form which shall, at once, express the disorientation and sum up the aspirations of the after-war generation. But the *Giovani* do not seem to be any too clear in their own minds as to the direction in which such a desiderated form may lie, and the result is a good deal of fumbling, a good deal of experimentation, and considerable divergence in the emerging product.

In the first place, there is a deepened search for reality, a new reality, another sort from that which an eldering generation succeeded in discovering, or uncovering. D'Annunzio and Deledda will not longer go; they are as demoded now as Carducci or Manzoni; while the before-the-war advance-guard, Papini, Palezzeschi, and their kind, and even the *Rondisti* of the early 1920's are almost equally remote. There is a story to be told, but the old forms, somehow, are not suited to its telling —or aren't they? For we shall find the peninsular young going backward as well as, ostensibly, forward in their hunt for the expressive form that is to be given a very real and acute state of spiritual feeling and spiritual unrest; and it is possible that they are to be found going backward more often than forward.

We have, of course, a professedly forward group in the *Novecentisti*, with Massimo Bontempelli as their leader and *900* as their organ. The Novecentists, in evident close alignment with the Fascist régime, are loud in proclaiming the necessity of being modern. They well might echo Rimbaud: "One must be modern at all costs." They believe in "magic" and "myths" and "miracles," all with a "modern" prefixed. Their talk is of creating legends and the epic; but the legend and the epic, it is to be feared, remain as yet largely—talk. Which is not, of necessity, a disparagement. In the meanwhile, —in the intervals of manifestoing, the real writers among them put forth occasionally a real book.

Such a book is Bontempelli's recent "Il Figlio di due Madri" (The Son of Two Mothers), which has had an extraordinary continental vogue, having already been done into some half dozen languages; as this letter goes off, the French version by Emmanuel Audisio is being put out by the Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française. The "Il Figlio di Due Madri" is a weird blend of the real and the unreal. The plot of the story throughout is suggestive of the doctrine of metempsychosis; yet not a word is said, not a hint dropped to indicate that this is the explanation which the author had in mind. What we have is the most unreal of tales told with a sensational realism, all the trappings, one would think, including "heart interest," that should go to make an American bestseller. At the end, it is true, the book becomes a bit too Italian in its melodrama—it seems that an Italian writer simply cannot leave out the gypsy motive; but it was exciting enough to keep this reviewer up to 3:00 A. M., to see "how it ended."

To the American intellectual, such a book as this might come with a little too much of popular appeal; but that appeal is one of the things which the Novecentist, in accordance with his creed, is seeking. In this respect, his aim is to compete with the movies.

Bontempelli, who is an indefatigable worker, has since published another novel, the "Vita e Morte di Adria" (Life and Death of Adria), in which the atmosphere of unreality is even more successfully kept up. That atmosphere here is so intense as to be a trifle overwhelming. It is, surely, time that the American public was making the acquaintance of Bontempelli, who is soon to become a member of the Academy; but the "Vita e Morte di Adria" is, perhaps, not the book with which to start; the "Figlio di Due Madri" might be better, although the public would deserve to be told in an introduction what it is all about.

Another recent Novecentist volume—at least, its author now lines up roughly with that group—is the "Gente in Aspremonte" (Aspremonte Folks) of Corrado Alvaro, which appeared serially in *Il Pegaso*. In its current form, the 100-page novelette is rounded out with a dozen short stories, which combine to afford a good view of Alvaro's art in the present stage of its development. Alvaro is a man of whom great things have been expected, since the publication four years ago of his "L'Uomo nel Labirinto" (Man in the Labyrinth), but there is some disagreement among his critics as to whether or not that expectation has as yet been fulfilled. In his "Gente in Aspremonte," he apparently is making a return to the provincial type of Italian narrative.

In addition to the myth-seeking, magic-dispensing Novecentist, there is another variety of Italian story-writer at the moment who is likewise bent upon an escape from what passes as a quotidian reality, but whose escape lies in another, more historic direction, more the direction of our own Poe. The two outstanding representatives of this tendency, toward the bizarre and the exotic, are Alessandro Bonsanti and Arturo Loria. Of the two, Loria is by far the more interesting, although he, too, has his shortcomings. He is not so arid, not so artificial as Bonsanti; but there is still, sometimes, too much of striving for the unusual in his work, while on the side of style, his danger is his adjectives. Nevertheless, Loria, whose second collection of short-stories, "Fannias Ventosca," has just been published is making a deep impress upon his generation. He lives in Florence, where he is associated with the group about the young review *Solaria*. His first collection, "Il Cieco e la Bellona," also attracted much comment when it was published two years ago; but most native critics agree that the second book shows a great improvement in the author's art.

The exotic, Poe-esque escape is not the only one. There are writers like Alberto Moravia and his 400-page "Gli Indifferenti" (published last winter) who go back for their realistic roots as far as Zola, but who come as far forward as Proust. And now, latest of all, there is Mario Viscardini's "Giovannino o La Vita Romantica," a tremendous near-600-page work that looks like a first cousin to the before-the-War Russian novel or the German *Entwickelungsroman*. Inspection, however, reveals the fact that it is not an antebellum product, but is, rather, a species of post-bellum cinematographic realism, the camera in the case being a psychologic slow-motion one.

From this, it may be seen that the tentatives, the experimentings are many. What the Italian of today needs, above all else, is a narrative form broad enough and supple enough to satisfy his deep-seated craving for contemporaneity.

The centenary of the death of Hazlitt is shortly to be celebrated. Hazlitt spent all his working life in London, moving from one dwelling to another as time wore on with a restlessness characteristic of him.

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The Real Von Hofmannsthal

BUCH DER FREUNDE: Tagebuch-Aufzeichnungen. By Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 1929.

Reviewed by A. W. G. Randall

ONE of the results of the lamented and and untimely death of the Austrian poet and dramatist Hugo von Hofmannsthal may well be the destruction of the Hofmannsthal legend—the term is not exaggerated. The romantic and esthetic beginnings of Hofmannsthal, his long association—one of the most remarkable examples of artistic collaboration on record—with Richard Strauss—these have combined to set up an image of Hofmannsthal which does not correspond at all to the truth, to the whole truth, at least. It takes no account of the less-known works, no account of the books published by Hofmannsthal since 1914. That most sympathetic and discerning critic of literature, Professor Ernst Robert Curtius, not long ago, in a German-Swiss review, writing precisely on this point, showed how erroneous it was to suppose that romantic esthetes persisted along that path. He quoted Wilde, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Stefan George, and Baudelaire in support of his contention; against him he would only allow Théophile Gautier—and, as he said, where is Gautier's influence today?

Hofmannsthal certainly had much association with the Romantics, the esthetes; some of his work may fairly be labelled sentimental, luxuriant, lacking the discipline of the intellectual imagination. But this is far from completing the tale, and Professor Curtius went so far as to hail Hofmannsthal as fellow to Charles Maurras in France, T. S. Eliot in England, as a member of that "conservative-revolutionary" school aiming at setting up an intellectual authority based on spiritual motives. All he deplored was that that particular Hofmannsthal, a man and artist of broad, international sympathies but essentially Austrian in his genius, had not found in the German world of literature any following, for traditionalism had no political or public following in Germany, and was incapable of linking itself with the inferior leadership of the German nationalist school.

This view of Hofmannsthal finds several apt illustrations in the first posthumous work by the poet to be published. It is not an entirely new work, for a first edition of Hofmannsthal's common-place-book was published some time ago. This is a new, and final, edition, with numerous additions discovered after the poet's death. Even as so increased, it is a small book, but several entries throw a most interesting light on the poet's mind. The first entry of all, for example, reads as follows:

> In the world men become aware only of what is within themselves; but they need the world in order to become aware of what lies within them. For this, however, an active life and suffering are necessary.

This is not the reflection of a mere "esthete," nor is a sentence a little lower down on the same page:

> There is a very definite distinction whether men behave to one another as mere observers, or are fellow-sufferers, fellow rejoicers, fellow-culprits. These latter are those who really live.

An Austrian critic has lately treated of Hofmannsthal as the creator of a socialigical drama informed by Christian principles; he has in mind the two last-published plays, "Der Turm" and that remarkable adaptation of Calderon, first performed at the Salzburg "Festspie," "Welttheater." It was the real Hofmannsthal who spoke in those two works, and this entry in the "Buch der Frennde" reinforces one's conviction on this point.

Of Hofmannsthal the artist we may also derive much incidental information from these pages. Two quotations will be enough. The first is from La Bruyère—it seems a significant selection:

> Les plus grandes choses n'ont besoin que d'être dites simplement, elles se gâtent par l'emphase; il faut dire noblement les plus petites: elles ne se soutientent que par l'expression, le ton et la manière.

The second is Holfmannsthal's own thought:

The despair of an age would be best expressed if it should no longer consider it worth while to occupy itself with the past.

Here, then, in this intimate way, we have revealed to us Hofmannsthal the traditionalist, the champion of "art for life's sake," the serious artist, the sympathetic personality. His death left European literature poorer, and we can perhaps judge from this little book what new spirit he might not have introduced had he not been prematurely cut off.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be received later.

Biography

THE TIGER, GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, 1841-1929. By GEORGE ADAM. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $3.50.

This book should be read in connection with Clemenceau's own "Grandeur and Misery of Victory," for its supplies the background essential to an understanding of Clemenceau's political philosophy, a background which his more vicious critics have generally ignored. George Adam's biographical sketch covers Clemenceau's entire career in less than three hundred pages; but his capacity for compression and his skill in generalization provide an effective picture of political life during the first four decades of the Third Republic and a narrative of Clemenceau's stormy career, which is marked by the same gaiety and vigor and ruthlessness as the career itself. The author's sympathy with his great subject is manifest, and we are spared unpleasant psychological analyses; but he believes in explanation rather than eulogy and his tone in controversial questions is objective. Above all Clemenceau emerges from the book an actual personality, a fighter and philosopher, *gavroche* and *gaillard*; the resemblance to Danton cannot be escaped.

We expect from as keen a critic as George Adam appreciation of the harsh irony of Clemenceau's position as war-time premier, and we are not disappointed. To save France he was compelled to trample under foot the principles dearest to his soul.

> He swallowed everything in one gulp; he who all his life had fought for freedom against the power of the State was the first to show with what tyrannical success could be wielded in courageous hands all the weapons of war-time repression. . . . Like the great revolutionaries before his time he preached fraternity and paraded firing-parties. Everything was sacrificed with grim tranquillity to war's commanding claims, and he was a man meeting fate alone. His Ministry was composed of non-entities. His majority in Parliament was a creation of fear. He himself was the Prime Minister of a people's panic—the last barrier against disastrous defeat.

It is a stirring book, as well as informing, although a good deal remains to be said.

TAMA JIM. By *Earley Vernon Wilcox* and *Flora Wilson*. $2.

MICHELANGELO. By Romain Rolland. Boni. 50 cents.

MY UNIVERSITY DAYS. By *Maxim Gorky*. Boni. 50 cents.

MEMORIES OF LENIN. By *Nadezhda K. Krupskaya*. International. $1.50.

HELVETIA. By Her Mother. Chicago: Seymour.

THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI. Edited by *Marian Denman Frankfurter* and *Gardner Jackson*. Vanguard. 75 cents.

EDISON AS I KNOW HIM. By *Henry Ford* in collaboration with *Samuel Crowther*. Cosmopolitan.

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR. By *Michael Pupin*. Scribners. $1.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK. Scribners. $1.

MY MUSICAL LIFE. By *Walter Damrosch*. Scribners. $1.

Education

THE EVOLUTION OF THE COMMON SCHOOL. By *H. Reisner*. Macmillan.

PROGRESS TESTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By *F. Leslie Clark*. 60 cents.

INTRODUCTION TO RURAL SOCIOLOGY. By *Charles Russell Hoffer*. Smith.

EXTRA-INSTRUCTIONAL ACTIVITIES OF THE TEACHER. By *Roscoe Pulliam*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

HERO STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By *Earl A. Collins* and *Lyda Hale*. Macmillan.

A CHILD'S SECOND NUMBER BOOK. By *Julie E. Badanes* and *Saul Badanes*. Macmillan. Parts I and II. 68 cents each.

Fiction

RED SNOW. By F. WRIGHT MOXLEY. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $1.

Inside the cover of this paper-bound book the publishers somewhat tactlessly intimate that you may want to throw it away. You probably will, though it is based on a striking and original idea. On an August day of 1935 there was a brief precipitation all over the earth of a reddish dust which struck through roofs, clothing, everything, till it came to rest on human flesh. Then it disappeared with no perceptible consequence but a little itching; and not till all the children conceived before the fall of the red snow had been born did the world realize that no more children were on the way, that human fertility had been destroyed, that when the men and women then living had died, the history of Man would end.

Here is an excellent beginning; but the working out of the idea requires a more powerful imagination and a greater technical skill than Mr. Moxley possesses. No doubt the behavior of the human race facing slow extinction would be fantastic, and frequently obscene; but the incidents he invents are in the main psychologically improbable, and he has failed to make them plausible. They give him a chance to express his opinion on a great number of things, persons, and habits of mind that he dislikes, but the reader fails to get much excited thereby. The later chapters, in which the last few old men and women drag out their lives in rotting cities and a countryside already reclaimed by the jungle, are frequently effective; but the picture of necessity is drab and dreary, and offers no great compensation for the unconvincing grotesqueries that have gone before.

SEED. By CHARLES G. NORRIS. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

Mr. Norris is a preacher with a numerous audience, but his latest fictionized sermon is so ambiguous that his parishioners may not know what to make of it. His theme is birth control, and most of his characters are Catholics whose church forbids the practice. For several hundred pages he seems to be arguing that the Church is wrong; then he appears to hold that the Church is right; and finally he turns his story into an open forum, his characters spouting long speeches, heavily ballasted with statistics, that sound as if they had come straight from the Catholic Encyclopedia and the standard works on Neo-Malthusian sociology. Neither side in the controversy is likely to be suited, and beneath the weight of the argument the story springs a leak and founders.

Though it was pretty well sunk already. A story about too many children implies a good many characters, so many that the author himself cannot always keep track of them, despite the aid of a diagram that sets forth the age and relationship of some thirty of the principal figures. The reader soon gives up, and even stops turning back to the diagram. Also the theme entails, more or less necessarily, certain passages about marital intimacy in which Mr. Norris is, to speak conservatively, not at his best.

Of the various case histories he sets forth, the chief one poses the problem before a Catholic wife who is at once pious and amorous, fecund and poor. It is a question which many Catholic wives have had to answer according to their idiosyncrasies; the one in the book answers it by refusing herself to her husband when she had had as many children as she could manage, and behaving with savagely vindictive meanness and stupidity when he turned to another woman. But eventually he came back to his wife on the old home farm, with the benison of God and the author—when she had passed the age of fertility, and he had grown tired of the woman who made his fortune and was impertinent enough to expect a little common decency in return.

THE OTHER HALF. By *Charles Francis Coe*. Cosmopolitan. $1.50.

RANCHER JIM. By *Harold Bindloss*. Stokes. $2.

MAN o' MEN. By *Clyde C. Cortright*. Meador. $2.

DESTINY RIDES AGAIN. By *Max Brand*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

BIG BUSINESS GIRL. By One of Them. Farrar & Rinehart. $1.

THE ADVENTURES OF EPHRAIM TUTT. By *Arthur Train*. Scribners. $2.50.

WATERS OF STRIFE. By *Francis Lynde*. Scribners. $2.

LOVE LETTERS OF A GENIUS. New York: Union Square Bookshop.

THE WORLD'S BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1930. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

TAR. By *Sherwood Anderson*. Boni. 50 cents.

THE LOST GIRL. By *D. H. Lawrence*. Boni. 50 cents.

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY. By *H. G. Wells*. Boni. 50 cents.

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN. By *Frances Newman*. Boni. 50 cents.

WHISPERING PINES. By Clara Endicott. Sears.

THE WELL OF LONELINESS. By *Radclyffe Hall*. Covici-Friede. $2.

THIS AWFUL AGE. By *Florence Ryerson* and *Colin Clements*. Appleton. $2.

THE SILENCE OF COLONEL BRAMBLE. By *André Maurios*. Appleton. $2.50.

SMOKY. By *Will James*. Scribners. $1.

FROM DOUBLE EAGLE TO RED FLAG. By *Gen. P. N. Krassnoff*. Duffield. $3.50.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT. By *Martin Luis Guzmán*. Knopf. $2.50.

DIXON'S CUBS. By *John C. Moore*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

PARADE GROUND. By *Jacquelin Deitrick*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.

(*Continued on next page*)

A NATIONAL BEST SELLER

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—R. L. DUFFUS in the *New York Times*.

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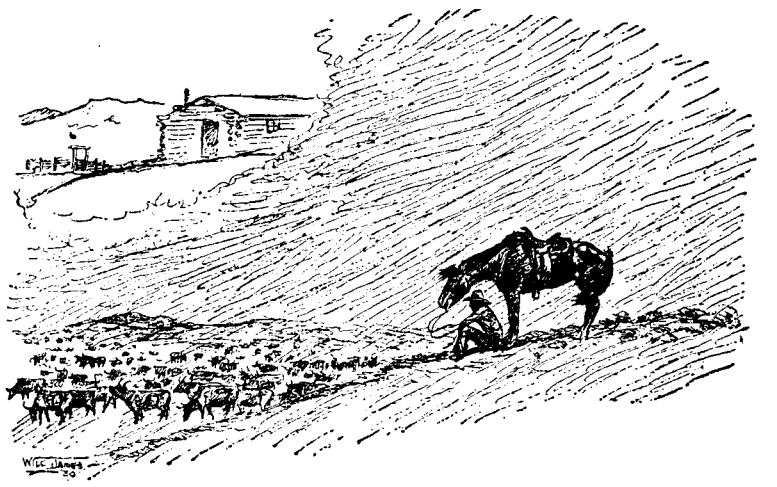

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Miscellaneous

WRITING FOR PROFIT. By DONALD WILHELM. New York: The McGraw-Hill Company. 1930. $3.

The average writer, and perhaps the average reader, too, will wonder why there should be another textbook on writing. Are there not too many writers already? Mr. Wilhelm admits that there are too many bad writers, but adds that there are too few good ones—rather, to be precise, "too few skilled workmen who are willing and able to adapt themselves to ever increasing, but highly specialized opportunities." Magazine editors know this, and some of them persuaded Mr. Wilhelm, whose own long and varied experience was excellent qualification, to undertake a job whose objective should be the improvement of the countless writers who simply will not be discouraged.

He has done the job well, evading the innumerable pitfalls that must have lain in his way. Much of the book is made up of the observations of experienced authors and experienced editors; if the young writer finds the views of veterans occasionally in conflict, so much the better; he can weigh them against each other and perhaps evolve some views of his own. It may be observed that most of the expert opinions reinforce Mr. Wilhelm's precept: "The rule of rules of all professional writers is the rule of interest, not to ourselves alone but to others." This, already stressed in Arthur Hoffman's valuable books on the technique of fiction, is something that ought to be pounded into every author, novice or veteran—unless he is a genius, in which case he will interest his reader anyway. But genius is perhaps rarer in our time than we are taught to believe.

True, Mr. Wilhelm conscientiously reports O. Henry's advice, "Please yourself," which has probably promoted more bad writing than anything else ever said; and some remarks of John Galsworthy which seem to support it, though close scrutiny will show that they do not mean what the proud young writer is apt to think they mean. But the overwhelming majority of professional opinion advises the young writer to try to please his readers, if he hopes to have any.

This, of course, as the more ponderous will hasten to point out, is a precept for those who hope to write for profit. Mr. Wilhelm is trying to promote good commercial craftsmanship and advises his readers that since "there are so many other ways to prosperity and contentment in America" they had better stop, look at themselves, and listen to the advice of the expert and disinterested before they try to get rich out of writing. To the self-recognized artist he does not attempt to give counsel. Yet possibly several hundred recent masterpieces might have been a little more interesting if their authors had paused to consider that the man who buys a book has some little right to ask for his money's worth, and the book business might not now be in a slump if a thousand art authors had not been encouraged to please themselves.

THE WORLD AGAINST HIM. By *Algernon Cimex*. Englewood, N. J.: Insecta Press.

POSSIBILITIES. By *Géza Schinagel*. Meador. $2.

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS. By *George A. Dorsey*. Blue Ribbon Books. $1.

MOTHER INDIA. By *Katherine Mayo*. Blue Ribbon Books. $1.

BLACK MAJESTY. By *John W. Vandercook*. Blue Ribbon Books. $1.

THE MEASUREMENT OF MAN. By *J. Arthur Harris, Clarence M. Jackson, Donald G. Paterson,* and *Richard E. Scammon*. University of Minnesota Press. $2.50.

NEW FRENCH COOKERY. By *Paul Reboux*. Knopf. $2.50.

AN INTRODUCTION TO JOURNALISM. Edited by *Lawrence W. Murphy*. $2.50.

STALKERS OF PESTILENCE. By *Wade W. Oliver*. Hoeber. $3.

HISTORY OF HAITIAN MEDICINE. By *Robert P. Parsons*. Hoeber. $2.25.

The Romance of the American Frontier

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By E. DOUGLAS BRANCH

Author of "The Hunting of the Buffalo"

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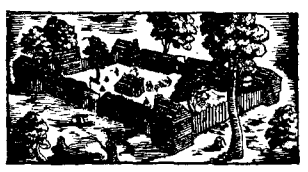

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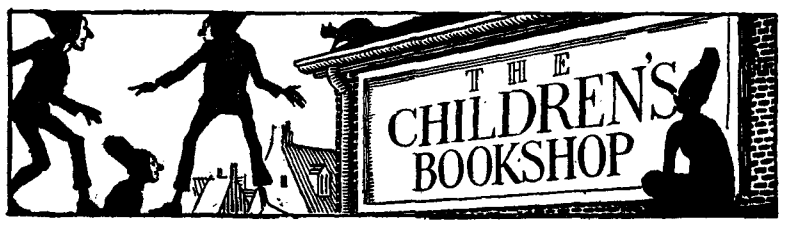

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Trains

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

HILDA and I love trains,
We hang over the station wall and watch:
Puff—puff—puff!
Out in the country we walk on the hot, shining rails,
And when we hear a train behind us on the other track,
We pretend it's on ours,
Rushing closer and closer
And louder and louder
And bigger and BIGGER . . .
In a minute it will hit us!
We'll be run over, flat. And all bloody—Oh-h!
Hilda! I'm scared! Let's scream! Oh-h-h!
All over, we're safe. That was fun.
Let's do it again.

Reviews

WHEN I WAS A HARVESTER. By ROBERT L. YATES. Macmillan. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by MORRIS LONGSTRETH

A VIGOROUS and enterprising boy of seventeen, tiring of summer resort diversions, goes west on a harvesters' excursion train, works in the wheatfields of Saskatchewan, learns something about swearing, sweating, and sleeping with his boots on, fights Blackeye Magee, celebrates with his gang, stays on hauling grain till the blizzards blow, and at last returns home to put his enthusiasm and observation on paper. That he has succeeded with the enthusiasm there is no doubt. Here is the zest of young blood and the very feel of healthy muscle. Bubbles of poetry float up from the pages, and an occasional hymnal strain. If spontaneity and good humor could make "an important manuscript" as the publisher's reader calls this one, important it would be.

Unluckily for the check-up, we, too, once went west with the harvesters and got to know something about Saskatchewan, and we are wondering if Yates has not listened to the glib natives of that region (which he calls "uncharted") not wisely but too well. Or must we suspect Sister Yates, to whom the book is dedicated in gratitude for assistance "in compiling this material," of being bent on romance and insisting on having wolves ravening in central Saskatchewan and other oddities? The author must excuse us for confessing that we interrupted some Mounted Police constables in a game of stud poker to hear the story about western towns being built light so that after a hurricane blows them over "they can just be set up again." The constables begged for another.

We enjoyed "When I Was a Harvester." There are some very good things in it. The description of the harvesters' train is admirable, and Olsen with the peculiarly poignant Bible passages tattooed on his arms is a real Olsen. Also the harvesting operations are vividly brought in. On every page you get the workers' sensations. The book takes you there; and this is an achievement. But when the blurb writer assembles so many solemn people to say of the book that "all of it is good and true to things as they are," we protest.

THE BIG VACATION BOOK FOR BOYS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2 net.

THE BIG VACATION BOOK FOR GIRLS. The same.

Reviewed by ELEANOR SHANE

PARENTS starting off with their children on a late vacation trip will be glad to know of these two recent books. In spite of the fact that no collection, however good, of magazine stories, excerpts from longer stories, poems, and bits of practical information can take the place of personally selected books, we must admit the need of collections under certain circumstances. There is in particular the vacation in which packing space is decidedly limited and children have instead of long days for luxurious uninterrupted reading, only scraps of time here and there between days of driving. And so, denying ourselves the luxury of a tirade against this box-of-samples types of mental food, and against the blatant titles, for which we can find no excuse, we turn cheerfully to the pleasant task of recommending these collections, as good ones.

Although the editor of the two books has limited his choice almost entirely to Doubleday publications, and to a recent crop of authors, he has nevertheless achieved two collections varied in contents, well balanced, and, above all, interesting. As straight reading they provide an occasional shock in the abrupt change of scene—breath-taking adventures with a wild bull on one page, simple directions for a number trick on the next—but as we understand such collections, they are intended not for straight reading but for pleasant diversion in stray half hours. Few are the boys and girls in their early 'teens who will not enjoy the majority of half hours thus provided for; many will enjoy every selection included in the two books.

The volume for girls is on the whole a little higher in quality than the other. Authors for the most part of some standing and experience offer their wares; verse by Monica Shannon and Rachel Field, stories by Marguerite Clément, Caroline Snedeker, Christopher Morley, and others whose names the fourteen-year-old girl will recognize if her parents do not. Parts of stories that will send readers rushing for pencil and paper to start the next Christmas list, chapters of practical information on camp lore and cooking, chapters of biography and directions for games round out a collection which in spite of a weak beginning (the first story and "Camping in the High Sierras" are rather light weight) is essentially a good one.

For the boys there are in addition to a generous number of stories on the favorite themes, aviation and school athletics, good selections from nature books, not too informative to be interesting nor yet tinged with the sugar-coating so familiar in many recent books of information, a bit of biography, some unhackneyed Indian lore, and three chapters of parlor magic and other forms of entertainment. All of this has been selected from a variety of popular authors, at least three of whom write what is real literature, and all of whom can spin a yarn or impart information adequately.

THE WONDER ROAD. Fairy Tales selected by EDWIN DILLER STARBUCK and FRANK SHUTTLEWORTH. Pictures by HAROLD SICHEL and HENRY PITZ. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.50.

THIS is an age in which the lay mind has grown more and more to rely upon the expert in the matter of children's reading, and while one would be sorry to see all individual choice abandoned in favor of ready-made guides and reading lists there are many instances in which some sort of preliminary selection is a boon. Fairy tales are a case in point. To the average lay mind, bent on choosing a book to give pleasure, all fairy tales are apt to look much alike; one seems as good as another and as long as the illustrations are attractive that is all one needs to go by. As a matter of fact, this is quite a special province in which the task of distinguishing between the worth while and the superfluous is none too easy, and in which a really good anthology is most welcome.

"The Wonder Road," with its three attractive and close-packed volumes, should answer this question very satisfactorily. It includes tales of varied type and origin, each one specially chosen for some outstanding quality of beauty or imagination, and all sifted tales in that they have survived the most exacting test of all, that of their reaction upon the children themselves. The first volume, "Familiar Haunts," contains many of the better known tales that have been favorites from early days. In "Enchanted Paths" and "Far Horizons" there is a wider range, and it is here that one begins to wish the collection were of five volumes instead of three, to include those special tales that each one will feel ought to be there. Many of them are, though others one misses. We would have liked to see Rachel Field's "Eliza and the Elves," for instance, and something from Caroline Emerson's delightful "Modern Merry-go-round," but "The Tired Trolley Car" comes next best to the latter, in the same vein, and there is Sandburg's "Corn Fairies" and "The Happy Prince," and it gave us a real thrill to meet again "The Toy Princess," by Mary de Morgan. This is attributed to "A

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Staircase of Stories." We do not know if the original volume by Mary de Morgan, "On a Pincushion," is still obtainable nowadays, but it contains some of the most beautiful little tales that were ever written, and we are glad to know that one of them at least is still known and appreciated.

Such a work naturally cannot do more than touch the fringe of the vast mass of really fine fairy tales available, and one can imagine that the task of final selection must have been most difficult. In addition to the representative collection given it fulfils an excellent secondary purpose in suggesting other titles. One must commend the idea of putting the reference in each case where it belongs, at the end of the selected story, instead of letting it be lost in a bibliography at the end of the volume, so that the mental note can be made while the impression of each tale is still fresh in the mind. "The Wonder Road" resembles all good roads in that it offers many a beckoning sidepath that the reader may follow up at leisure.

GOOD GAMES. By JEAN HOSFORD FRETWELL. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. 1930. $2.

ARTISTS IN STRING. By KATHLEEN HADDON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.20.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

CHILDREN'S books of games are perhaps legion, but here we have a particularly comprehensive, usable, and well-planned one which should be a valuable acquisition in homes, camps, or groups of any kind. Its success is due partly to its generous analysis of needs, with due attention to each, and partly to the fact that the practical training of the writer, as a teacher of physical education and recreational leadership, has ensured her knowing what is wanted, and what is feasible,—also what will work. Both the spirit and the physiological values of the games are good, and the presentation is clear, even without the addition of the attractive stick-figure illustrations. Games for travelling, for a solitary shut-in, for the back-yard, for children and parents together, for city street and for country freedom, are all included, and a chapter on magic tricks fills a good measure

Turning to Kathleen Haddon's book of string-figures, it is to the uninitiated a source of surprise to find that so much cat's cradle lore exists at all—let alone its being compiled: not only so many intricacies of *varying constructions, here graphically* presented, but their connection with different races and geographical sections. This author has loved and studied her subject well; she has investigated as an ethnologist and geographer and has presented her material against that background, bringing out new significances in the old idea of string-figure pastimes. Years of travel and scientific study have evidently gone into this book, as well as something else almost as difficult, the solution of the problem of fruitful contacts with shy or unfriendly natives. Five general divisions of the subjects are offered —Eskimo, Navaho Indian, Papuan, Australian (Cape York), and African Gold Coast; also interesting introductory material, notes on nomenclature, and a bibliography, the latter being a revelation in itself. The figure diagrams are clear and the whole is in graphic form. Also, these references to ethnological studies must not be taken to indicate that the book cannot be used simply and solely as a director in new string-game pastimes, if so desired.

FOLK-SONGS OF THE FOUR SEASONS. Thirty-three Traditional Melodies. The texts and translations by SUSANNA MYERS. The harmonizations by HARVEY OFFICER. New York: G. Schirmer. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER
(Co-Editor of "New Songs for New Voices")

A GOOD modern folk-song is a contradiction in terms. The good folk-songs are not modern and (to continue to paraphrase Heine) the modern folk-songs are not good. The editor of this volume does not pretend to novelty in either text or harmonization; her collection does purport to correlate folk-song with folk-lore—especially for children—and it succeeds. Its charm lies not only in the arrangement, the seasonal divisions, the forthright approach, but in the treatment of her material—textual as well as melodic.

Not that her choice is flawless. It is a curious circumstance that, though the German folk-songs are among the brightest gems in the golden treasury of song, only one of Miss Myers's thirty-three is Germanic, and even that is scarcely *echt Deutsch.* One would gladly have spared a few of the less interesting Czech and Japanese renderings for the old Bavarian Crusader's Song, for one of the sixteenth century hunting songs of Thuringia, or for any of the delightful ring-and-hands-around holiday dance-melodies collected by Baumgartner in the three volumes which comprise "Das Taghorn." But whatever her reason for the elimination of all German melodies—and the omission is too significant to be an oversight—the editress has been keen enough to select the finest flowerings in non-Teutonic fields.

The collection is worth while, even notable, if only for the circulation of such little known folk-tunes as the Czechoslovak "Cuckoo Carol," the French "I Saw the Wolf, the Fox, the Hare," and the Norwegian "Fairy Mischief." The harmonizations by Harvey Officer—always satisfactory and never pretentious—are particularly adroit here. The first is arranged in the true part-song style, the second is as Gallic as though Debussy had rewritten the Bergerettes, the third has sweet-sharp surprise of Grieg—"a chocolate-covered bon-bon with a centre of snow."

But it is Miss Myers's scheme which is most winning. Arranging her thirty-three songs under the four seasonal divisions, she presents, in a proper unity of festivals and mixture of national sources, a dozen types of festal melodies. There are, thus, songs for May Day, Midsummer Eve, Hallowe'en, Harvest, Market Day, Chanukkah; there are Shepherd Carols, Manger Songs, Yuletide Games, New Year Songs. The notes preceding each song are not the least valuable part of the work—in fact, one only has to read a sentence or two to perceive the amount of research which Miss Myers must have made, and which is graphically but never pedantically presented. It is difficult to imagine a modern school that would not welcome these correlated texts and tunes. Even a private part-time home might use them to advantage.

YOUNG HEROES OF THE BIBLE. By ANNE STODDARD. Century. 1930. $2.50.
THE BURNING BUSH. By JOSEPH GAER. The Sinai Press. 1930.

Reviewed by LUCY BARTLETT

EXCEPT that both are tales of Bible characters there is no resemblance between Mrs. Stoddard's retelling of the Bible stories and Joseph Gaer's folk tales. Mrs. Stoddard fills in the brief outlines of the Bible with details that are historically appropriate to the times and characters. We have the picture of Pharaoh's daughter at her toilet, her maids "grinding cosmetics upon a palette of slate"; of Jonathan fitting a new string to his bow by the light of a "small, boat-shaped lamp of oil set upon a pedestal." If there is any deviation from the Biblical record, it is carefully explained, and the reasons given. Man holds converse with angels, and God speaks plainly to his servants, for the most part in the words of the Bible itself. The narrative runs smoothly; it holds interest and supplies those backgrounds and settings which undoubtedly children like to have added to the sparsely worded accounts in the Bible.

Mr. Gaer, on the other hand, leaves all but the Biblical framework behind and lets his highly-colored imagination do the rest. The result is legend and invention about equally mixed, sometimes dignified and striking, sometimes descending to a rather cheap smartness, almost as if to brush away a lingering fear that someone may feel that he thinks there is anything more to these stories than folk imagination.

The color and swing carry the tales along and make them interesting reading, though the net result is to bring them down from their high estate as "Bible stories" to the level of the ordinary legendary folk tale.

Eric Kelly, whose "The Blacksmith of Vilno" is being sent out by the Junior Literary Guild as its September selection for girls of twelve to sixteen, a year ago won the Newbery Prize with his "Triumpetes of Krakow."

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Points of View

Reviewers and Reviewing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

The July 26th, *Saturday Review* is the first I've seen since my return from four months in Europe. "The Prosecution Rests," by John A. Clark, brought me back to life and battle.

I think Mr. Clark, himself, omitted "sensitivity" and "knowledge" and "perspective" in criticizing reviewers. Because he did not list or consider the "honest" reviewer who has no other motive than telling his public about books. Certainly this reviewer has his important place, too, in books.

The "critic," one assumes from Mr. Clark's analysis, writes his reviews to the well-informed-educated-book-lover. Now take the honest reviewer.

There are thousands beginning to think of books instead of magazines and movies. They want to know, in language they understand, what the book is about and whether, in the reviewer's opinion, it is worth reading. They are not the people who subscribe to book guilds but those with that stirring that leads to a developed and permanent appreciation. These novices deserve consideration just as much as the scholars.

What they want is a reviewer who considers first of all, the book itself. Next they want personality, freshness, sincerity, that can get excited or disappointed, a reviewer with likes and dislikes that are "taste," sincerity that remains naïve by never rolling a log. They feel this reviewer is less likely to high hat all the unknowns and lick the feet of all the names and they believe in him.

The ideal reviewer of this sort, and there are many, has an instinct for books and rarely picks a bad one or damns a good one. This instinct sometimes does take the place of background but it must be a good instinct or he will not last. He may not work from a text book point of view,—but from the human interest side of the book, and that's not such a low thing, after all, even from a university point of view.

I agree with Mr. Clark's selected quote from James Norman Hall that four literary critics would be quite enough to review all the books worth reviewing which are printed in the course of one year. Yet, reviewers who, as John Riddell says, write labels and catchwords and gay and honest reviews, do a great deal just by keeping the public informed and stimulated.

MARY RENNELS.

Gary, Ind.

Gottfried Keller

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir:

I have been very much interested by a question in the last number of the *Review*, regarding the translated work of Gottfried Keller.

It appears from Mrs. Becker's reply, that nothing has been put into English except "The Fat of the Cat," translated by Louis Untermeyer.

I take this opportunity to pay tribute to the writer of one of the loveliest prose stories ever written, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," taken from Keller's "Leldwglda People," which Nietzsche called "one of the four masterpieces of German prose."

This exquisite tale needs no introduction to those who know and love the literature of the worlds. But as my copy is in English—Alas! that I can't read it in German!—I wish to explain that it was printed in London, by Constable & Co. in 1915, and that the very appreciative and discriminating introduction was written by an American writer—Edith Wharton.

The translator's name is not given, but I have an idea that Mrs. Wharton is responsible for the firmness and firm texture of the English rendering.

MAY HARRIS.

Robinson Springs, Ala.

Biographies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

In citing the explanations for the current flood of biographies now on the market you neglected the most obvious and to my mind the most important: the decline of the novel. The readers who have created the demand which is now supplied by the biographers are not a new class of readers, nor have they changed in taste or intelligence. They have simply turned to biography for what they have failed to find in recent fiction—action, sustained interest, character portrayal, and the affect of a trend of events on human lives. After all, those novels which have withstood the test of time and literary fashion remain with us in the guise of famous portraits, do they not? The inimitable characters of Dickens, the immortal Kim, the rollicking musketeers, are they not more familiar to the world at large than the opinions, the psychology, the philosophy of their creators? Admitted, they are mediums of expression, but it is that expedient that has been lost or at least forgotten by the present generation of writers. The novel in their hands has degenerated into a treatise of two outstanding types. First, the so-called realistic novel which purports to portray the contemporary scene, largely the work of graduate reporters who, in leaving behind them the atmosphere of the newspaper, have not also shed the journalistic point of view. Second, the psychological study or, as the popular phrase has it, the stream-of-consciousness novel, which at best gives a feeble impression of a mind in action in relation to outside influences.

These types of literary effort are perhaps very well in their places, but their places are not, to my way of thinking, within the confines of a novel. And until the elements of romance, of suspense, of comedy and tragedy, of courage and chicanery, in short the elements of story telling, return to their accustomed places, a vote of thanks will be given to those who, unable or unwilling to contribute to the clash of staccato discord that masquerades as fiction, turn their talents to those glamorous operettas of heroic yesterdays.

VIVIAN PEBERDEY.

Washington, D. C.

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MR. ROBERT B. SOSMAN has called attention to the rather extraordinary statement quoted by the newspapers from the will of the late Wilfred M. Voynich in which Mr. Voynich requested that none of his books and manuscripts be sold in this country "where all the books will be massacred. Use Sotheby in London," he suggested, "with good descriptions, and large-sized catalogues, and reserve prices. I urge this because many of my books and manuscripts are worth more than I paid for them." It would for many reasons be interesting to know exactly what lay behind this criticism of American auction-rooms: it is true that often American catalogues are poorly annotated, and wretchedly done, but nothing could be more hit or miss than the Hodgson auction lists. Sotheby's catalogues are, in general, excellent: the bibliographical notes can be depended upon as the work of experienced cataloguers, and the careful manner in which defects are noted is another indication of the attention given to adequate descriptions. It is more difficult to understand Dr. Voynich's references to the higher prices to be obtained in the London auction-room: New York certainly is not an inexpensive market in which to buy anything, and in any season other than the one just past, new high-price records seemed to have been made with the most alarming rapidity. It is impossible not to believe that some personal experience served as the basis for such a final request—what it was may eventually be discovered. G. M. T.

THE final sales of the season at Sotheby's brought good, although not remarkably high, prices. In a four day sale the end of July, the manuscripts were more sought after: a one-page letter from Burns to his brother, filled with descriptions of his illness, sold for £630; the autograph manuscript of stanzas 7 and 9 of Keats's "Isabella," with variations from the printed version, £640; the autograph manuscripts of Sir J. M. Barrie's stories, "A Tilly Loss Scandal," £190; "Bad Form," £200; "Is It a Man," £125; "A School Revisited," £120; the autograph manuscript of George Gissing's "Veranilda," on 114 pages quarto, £370; a series of 72 letters from him to his sisters, £320; and a two and a half page letter from Dickens to Laman Blanchard, £92. A collection of documents and letters relating to the Marquis de Lafayette sold for £30; and the autograph correspondence of Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, to George Aust, of the Secretary of State's Office, from 1779 to 1788, £92. The books included a presentation copy of Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel," with an autograph inscription to Violet Vanbrush, £64; the 1866, "Alice in Wonderland," £110; "Jane Eyre," 1847, £190; Milton's "Lycidas," 1638, from the library at Castle Howard, £970; the second issue of the first edition of "Lyrical Ballads," £96; and Fanny Burney's "Evelina," 1778, in original sheepskin, £360.

The Sotheby sale held the twenty-fifth of July, which consisted of extremely rare tracts, pamphlets, and broadsides, described as "the property of a nobleman," brought a total of £7,045. 10. 0. The *London Times Literary Supplement* questions if "any of these earlier pamphlets (described in the sale catalogue as being in original wrappers) were issued with wrappers, (as) the probability is that such wrappers as are now found on old pamphlets were added by the early owners for the obvious purpose of keeping the leaves clean." The only known copy of Ben Jonson's "Time Vindicated to Himselfe and to his Honors" (1623?), apparently unrecorded, brought £500: Ralph Hamor's "True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia," 1615, the first issue, £820: these were purchased by Quaritch. The Rosenbach Company gave £4000 for Richard Rich's "News from Virginia. The Lost Flocke Triumphant," 1610, one of five known copies. "A Memorable Maske of the two Honourable Houses of Inns of Court," 1613, by George Chapman and Inigo Jones, sold for £52; Daniel Defoe's "The True-Born Englishman," 1700, £82; and Alexander Pope's "Essay on Criticism," 1711, £60. G. M. T.

Cromwelliana

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF OLIVER CROMWELL: A List of Printed Materials Relating to Oliver Cromwell, together with a List of Portraits and Caricatures. By WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1929.

Reviewed by ELEANOR STEWART UPTON
Yale University Library

HERE is a bibliography that is actually interesting: a list of titles, to be sure, but presented in such attractive dress of type and form that it is readable. It is, moreover, introduced by an essay on "The Historical Cromwell" in the best vein of an author who has often demonstrated that scholarly history can be so written as to be enjoyed in the reading.

Professor Abbott makes the modest claim that this is merely "the largest collection of titles relating to Cromwell which has yet been made, and the most nearly complete list of portraits yet brought together." But surely it is achiement enough to list 3520 numbered titles, with hundreds of other references in notes and under group entries; and who would have believed that there are over 700 likenesses of Cromwell known, to say nothing of the hundred-odd other pictorial items here listed?

Of course, "Cromwelliana" is interpreted broadly: "In general, there is included here contemporary material which relates directly to Cromwell or seems likely to have come under his personal notice; from the rest such has been selected as seems to bear more immediately on his career, his character, his opinions, his acts and policies; and that which relates to the more general events and interests of his time has been largely omitted." But when we consider how Cromwell influenced those general events and interests, we are not surprised that the author continues, "Yet it may be hoped that . . . the whole may form at least an introduction to the bibliography of his time as well as of his person." In spite of omissions, the comprehensiveness of this work makes it a useful supplement to the more general or selective bibliographies of the period, including Godfrey Davies's "Bibliography of British History, Stuart Period, 1603-1714," published last year. The inclusion of many printed lists of books, of references to book reviews, of articles and notes in periodicals and of individual letters and other documents published in collections enlarges its range greatly and bears witness to much labor.

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HARRY HANSEN *in the* New York World

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Professor Abbott's humorous definition of a bibliography as "a list of books with something wrong with the references" does not apply to this work. Errors are rather hard to find, either in the text of the bibliography itself, that most exacting strain on compositor, proof-reader, and others of the publishing-house staff as well as on the compiler, but also in the Index, where stray inaccuracies come home to roost.

Clearness and simplicity of arrangement have been bravely striven for and on the whole attained. Legible type, judicious use of italics and black-face, abbreviations which do not require that page of explanations so dear to the German bibliographer, good proportions and paragraphing, all contribute to these merits. It is an economy to announce that the place of publication is London unless otherwise stated, but the inference is not always safe in the case of books which came out with no place indicated. To omit most printers also saves space, but the principle is not clear as to why they are included in some cases. It would be well to know the printers of early tracts, also of new books which one might wish to order without consulting cumulative book-lists. There is no doubt that the arrangement of items by date, usually of the first edition published, saves repeating the date of each and is simple to construct. It is not so simple to use, however, for instance in tracing the material to be found in a given series year by year. The 96-page Index, giving authors, subjects, and to a certain extent, kinds of material, offsets the disadvantages of the chronological arrangement to a great degree, except that references to each particular serial are not collected in it. The Portraits and Satirical Prints have a separate Index, not so full, and "human interest" is added by fine reproductions of two Cromwell portraits in the possession of the author.

The chief interest of this work may be said to lie in Professor Abbott's own contribution to its contents. His critical estimates of many items makes it in effect a selective bibliography. When he says of "No. 1357. Thurloe, John. Collection of State papers . . . Ed. by Thomas Birch, 7 vols.": "Most valuable single collection of the C. period," he knows whereof he speaks. Again, when he says of a magazine article, "Popular article, of no scholarly value," he warns the reader much more effectively than if he had merely omitted the item.

However, his real contribution is the Introduction. As a piece of descriptive bibliography it gives a basis for the study of seventeenth century England, and what is more, it inspires one to that exercise. As a sketch of the historiography of Cromwell and his background it turns a dull subject into an absorbing story, reflecting the intellectual eras from 1659 to the present. From Samuel Carrington to John Drinkwater, from highly-colored pictures of the "fell monster" or "his most serene highness, Oliver, late Lord Protector," to the "cold dispassionate attitude" of modern studies like those of Gardiner, Firth, and John Morley, a great distance has been travelled. Were Oliver himself to choose, concludes Professor Abbott, he would prefer the judgment of today on his own unique personality and place in history.

AMBROSE BIERCE: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. By VINCENT STARRETT. Philadelphia: Centaur Book Shop. 1929.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. MCCARTHY, JR.

PUBLIC approval of the Centaur bibliographies is shown by the advertisement on the wrapper of the present volume which lists the first four bibliographies of the series as "out of print." The compilation of this most recent addition to the series has been entrusted to Vincent Starrett, who had previously prepared the one on Stephen Crane.

Mr. Starrett has grouped his material into four divisions: collations of the works by Bierce; contributions to books; contributions to periodicals; and, studies and reviews of Bierce's works in books, monographs, and periodicals. He has collectetd a great deal of valuable information about an author whose bibliography is manifestly not an easy one to compile.

When we examine the work as a piece of scientific bibliography it falls short of perfection. For example, the treatment of "The Fiend's Delight," Bierce's first work, may be examined. The English edition of this work appeared without a date on the title-page, though the advertisements at the end were dated 1873. Mr. Starrett, without giving any authority, uses the date 1872 in the heading of this item. The author of the article on Bierce in the new "Dictionary of American Biography," depending on bibliographers to differentiate carefully between fact and opinion, has perpetuated this error. This work was listed in "Publisher's Circular," the English equivalent of the American *Publisher's Weekly*," for July 16, 1873, among "New works published July 1 to 15." It was listed as published by Hotten at 3c 6d, and undoubtedly is the same item as Mr. Starrett describes. In a note, Mr. Starrett mentions the publication of an American edition of this same work in New York by A. L. Luyster in 1873. In answer to the dubiety which has existed among booksellers as to the relative priority of these two editions, he dogmatically asserts that "the London issue is the first edition." If he has information proving this point it would have increased the truthworthiness of his work to have supported his contention by dates, or, at least, to have cited his arguments for deducing this conclusion. Until the exact date of the American edition has been unearthed, the question of priority seems to be an open one. If bibliography is to become an exact science dependant upon contemporary printed records, as it may well become for the period in question, bibliographers must leave their small libraries of rare books and work up a background of facts in the university or larger public libraries where bibliographical tools lie ready for their use.

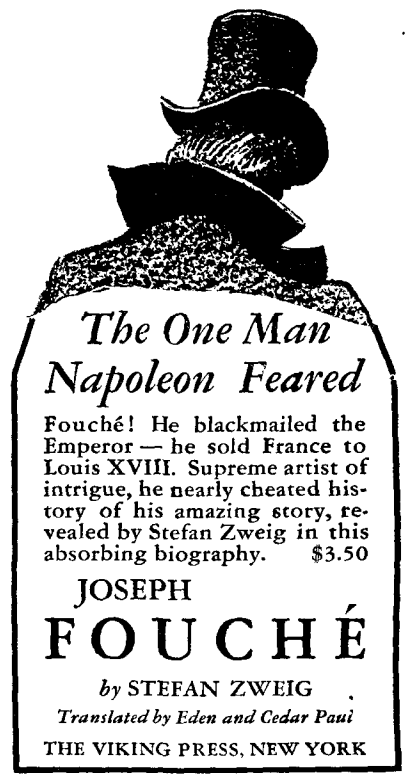
These minutiæ do not condemn Mr. Starrett's book, which contains within its covers a great quantity of valuable material about a neglected author, and, though it may be impossible for one man or even one generation to complete a list of the ephemeral writings of such an author as Bierce, an excellent foundation has been made, which in itself will be of great assistance to collectors and students of American literature.

Auction records for Sir Walter Scott's novels were beaten at Sotheby's when H. C. Rahm, representative of the Rosenbach Company of Philadelphia, made a successful bid of £1,420 ($6,901) for an uncut copy of the first issue of the first series of "Tales of My Landlord," dated 1816, in the original boards.

The same purchaser also obtained a first edition of "Guy Mannering" for £380 ($1,846). These volumes formed part of a collection of thirty Scott first editions which brought a total of £3,500 ($17,010).

Another item offered consisted of two pages written by Scott describing the genesis of "Waverly" which was sold to a London bookseller for £190 ($923).

According to an article which appeared some time ago in the newspaper *El Universal* of Mexico City a controversy has been waging between the Mexican Academy and the Royal Academy of Madrid. Apparently Querubin Alvarez Quintero of the latter institution made, or possibly was wrongly accused of making, slighting remarks concerning Latin American Spanish, against which the Mexican academicians protested. As a result Mexico and twelve other Spanish American countries are planning a revolt from Castilian which is the standard of the Spanish language established by the Madrid Academy.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THAMES WILLIAMSON *Author of* THE EARTH TOLD ME

Once more it behooves *The Inner Sanctum* to fall back on the Ancient Serenities and Quietly Publish A Good Book.

Such a work is *The Earth Told Me* by THAMES WILLIAMSON, whose last novel *Hunky* was a selection of The Book-of-the-Month Club.

Not in many months has a story from *The Inner Sanctum* evoked such critical acclaim as *The Earth Told Me*. Reviewers forget the raging controversy about dollar novels, overlook debated points about binding and distribution, and reverently hail an incontestable achievement in pure literature.

The New York Herald Tribune compares WILLIAMSON with SUDERMANN and HAMSUN; *The New York Times* hails "a work of great artistic integrity . . . more vivid and penetrating than *Hunky*, a sound and truthful study of a primitive mind, and an intensely readable and dramatic narrative," and *The Book-of-the-Month Club News* recapitulates the chorus of praise in this tribute:

"In plain fact, this is one of the freshest, best conducted, most satisfactory stories of the year, and it deserves as much praise for its excellence in story-telling and character study as for the novelty of its theme and the great interest of its background in a far north which has been romanticized, sentimentalized, told of in scientific description, but seldom or never made a province of the empire of literature."

THE INNER SANCTUM DOLLAR NOVELS are starting off gallantly: it is still too early to be sure of their ultimate destiny, but the indications are excellent. *The Earth Told Me* is getting the best reviews; *Red Snow* is showing the sharpest upward trend on the sales chart; and at the moment *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* is the best-seller.

There are a few booksellers who are uncanny in their ability to detect the public's preference in the formative stages of best-sellerdom. Such a genius is KARL PLACHT of the celebrated Beacon Bookshop in the Roosevelt Hotel, New York. He predicted the nation-wide stampedes for *The Story of Philosophy*, *Trader Horn*, *The Art of Thinking* and *Believe It or Not*. Imagine then *The Inner Sanctum's* emotions on receiving this unsolicited communique from the noted Roger Babson of the book-trade:

"Just a word of congratulation upon I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER by CLAUDE HOUGHTON. *It is an excellent story, most absorbing, with a clearness and directness of style recalling* MAUPASSANT *in his best mood. It has* THE HUNDRED THOUSAND SALE *written all over it and you can depend on us to capitalize this sure-fire hit."*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

THIS department has rarely expressed any political opinions, nor has it asserted any political affiliations; but we herewith announce that we are lock, stock, and barrel for *Heywood Broun* for Congress on the Socialist ticket. . . .

Mr. Broun appeals to us because (1) He has a lot of books always around his room even if he never reads them. (2) He can talk more intelligently while sitting up later (and you just don't know what late is!) than any one we have ever known. (3) He and we are at least two people in the world who have never seen the sun rise unless it was by accident going home. (4) There is no one in America more utterly independent in his point of view and his expression of it. (5) He is all wet. (6) Once in a while when he buys a necktie he buys—you know what we mean—*a necktie!* (7) He would look well in one of those congressional black soft hats. (8) He represents the old American manner of dressing, the loungin'-roun' suit with roomy pants. (9) He is big enough to take care of himself and has a one-hundred-percent American drawl. (10) He might even make the *Congressional Record* read a little like the *New Yorker* and put it on its feet as a paying publication. Of course, in a way, it reads a little like the *New Yorker* now, but that isn't intentional. (11) Mr. Broun is a novelist and perhaps he might do something for us downtrodden writers. (12) Mr. Broun is in the great tradition, started by Bill Nye, Mark Twain, Petroleum V. Naseby, and continued by Riley, Gene Debs, Gene Wood, Gene Field, B. L. T., Don Marquis, and others. The only trouble about Broun is that his first name isn't Gene. (13) As a corollary to this Broun represents the spirit of '76, if anyone now remembers what that is. It is the only hundred-percent-American spirit and those who talk so much about Americanism have never even heard of it. (14) It's high time that this country really got excited about ideas. We've had plenty of time to wake up from the after-the-war apathy and the worship of merely big business. We're full of hooey. (15) Mr. Broun is a fairly good poker player. He can also roll 'em and not lose his shirt. (16) Broun for Congress! . . .

There are our sixteen points and—we're sorry to speak severely—but we don't wish to have to refer to this again. . . .

The Book League of America has at last found that, subscribers preferring to have books they can put up on their library shelves, it is better to bind their monthly selections in cloth. The first Book League choice to appear in cloth is *Hermann Sudermann's* "The Dance of Youth." We congratulate the Book League on this change, which seems to us an eminently sensible one. . . .

A note from our friend, *A. Hugh Fisher*, the English etcher and poet, conveys to us a comment on a recent poem by *Lizette Woodworth Reese* which this journal printed recently upon its first page. That was in the issue of June 28th and the poem was called "Scarcity." Its first verse gives its keynote:

Scarcity saves the world,
And by that is it fed:
Then give it hunger, God,
Not bread.

Now *Florence Barry*, an Englishwoman who was a favorite pupil of the late *Sir Walter Raleigh*, possesses a rather similar sense of humor, and is the author of "Jane Taylor" and other books, says that she can't take Miss Reese seriously in this poem. "I've tried, but she has twisted the old simple truths so sincerely sung by her original! Of course you recall the lines:

Fulness saves the world
And that's no empty boast;
Then give it pudding, God,
Not toast.

Fat things are comely things,
In richness there is use,
December measures best
Each vanishing goose.

If you pass the soup,
If you're off your oats
Of what you go without
God taketh notes

For Art as well as life
By oil it grows—
Not Mrs. Spratt—ask Jack
What every painter knows!

Llewelyn Powys, with his wife, *Alyse Gregory*, is again in America on a visit to his brother, *John Cowper Powys*. His novel, "Apples Be Ripe" has been popular this Spring. . . .

It came out at luncheon of four New York publishers several weeks ago that each of them had received the following cablegram on the same day:

Writing my memoirs will send you soon proposal and manuscript answer no other offer from anybody.

The cablegram was signed *"Paul Poiret"* . . . .

In Mr. Morley's *Bowling Green* recently he reported a contributor as having discovered the following interesting names of towns: Congruity, Pa., Backbone, Ky., Shoulderblades, Ky., and Apologies, N. C. Now a *Mrs. McAndrew* of Montclair writes in:

If J. L. Jr. isn't joking
Naming towns so mirth-provoking
I'll give him an avocado
If he'll drive to Colorado
Sending word that he has come
To the town of Troublesome!

Vachel Lindsay plans a national tour this year and intends to read his poetry in every state in the Union and to be within motoring distance of every town. So probably Vachel will be able to supply us with even more distinctive town names! . . .

"Some Folks Won't Work," which will be published by Harcourt, Brace in October, is a tragic definition of unemployment which will open the eyes of those who have never experienced being out of work. . . .

On one occasion *Lord Northcliffe*, the English newspaper magnate, hearing that *Clemenceau* was wearing a new shape of hat, conceived the idea of promoting "a-new-hat-for-men" competition with a reward of one hundred pounds to the winner. There are a number of such anecdotes in the life of Lord Northcliffe by *Hamilton Fyfe* which Macmillan will publish late this month. . . .

Herbert Gorman is now abroad writing a biography of "Mary Queen of Scots." He reports that in process of his investigation he has found many more queens that should have been crowned than have been written about in history books! . . .

Homer M. Parsons, that Homer of the California Coast, asks us who wrote "Priapea." A friend sent him (by express) typewritten copies of the Latin, and later a booklegger showed him a few of them translated by *Eugene Field*. Somehow, says Parsons, they all missed the spirit of the original, so he had to tackle the job. He sends us a translation of number X. We can't print it all but will give you just this much:

How come, mos' foolish gal, you laff like dat?
Co'se 'twant Praxitiles nor Scopas made me,
An' I wa'nt polished by de han' ob Phidias.
No, suh! But jus' a plain ordinary straw boss
Cyahved me outen a chinkapin log, an' say:
"You gwine be Priapus!" Still you-all
Gimme a look, an' staht to bust out laffin'.

Now, says Mr. Parson, he is wondering what the *Kamasutra* of Vatsayana would look like in Gulluh dialect. "Would it put life in the old boy? He's quite ghastly in Latin." Also, says Parsons, he never did send us that poem for *Sylvia Satan*, so here is his first verse, anyway:

SEPTEMBER MOOD

If all the as were when as you,
In fiery concord poured
No gentle, if in words more true
Exceptionally blurred,
Shall wither at the dying thought
Of tree and leaf. How flame
Converging sunset where I sought
The whisper of a name!

So long!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Why do intelligent natives of Oakland, Des Moines, Atlanta, Richmond, etc., have accounts with New York City book shops? Why don't they patronize their local stores? It has been a source of wonderment to us, in our travels through the land, to meet persons who were better acquainted with New York shop managers than with their local dealers. Why? Is it the thrill of having a New York contact, of receiving notices and correspondence from the big city? We doubt it. Only a comparatively few get pleasure out of that. The real reason, we think, is to be found in our discussions with the veteran book buyers, owners of enviable libraries, who stress one point. Their examination of the books stocked in the local store has failed to inspire their confidence in that book dealer. "The range of books in his store is so limited, he cannot know much about books," they say.

It seems not to have occurred to these book men that the local man will stock his shop with the books that he knows he can sell. So it is up to the individual to make known his wants. He will find the local dealer a willing helper in collecting the right kind of books, for everyone who has led a reader to a good book knows the joy and satisfaction that come from such a service. Our recommendation is to have your name listed with the local dealer for the certain kinds of books you are interested in. The dealer will do the rest, and furthermore, he will do it as well as the New York dealer, for he gets the same book information to work with. The Albuquerque Bookshop, some years ago, "invested" some dollars in a group of non-fiction books that were of the genuine sort, not best sellers, not even "popular." In two years the investment had paid for itself many times over and had attracted to the shop a group of people to whom book buying was as regular and necessary a diet as the food they ate. Unfortunately, every dealer cannot invest in this sort of book without the concrete assurance that his townsmen will buy them. The first move is yours. You must let him know what books you want in your own library, what books you consider worth buying.

The Oxford University Press[1] has published books for 462 years. Their list (over 10,000 titles) covers every field except current fiction. Their dictionaries are supreme, ranging in price from 75c,[2] $2.00,[3] $3.50[4] to $575.00.[5] Their series of poets[6] and the "classics" run from 80c to $17.50, depending on the binding and edition you wish. Their books on Shakesperiana[7] and Johnsoniana[8] are unequalled in quality and utility. Their histories[9] cover the nations of the world and the growth of man. Literature,[10] philosophy,[10] religion[10] would be considerably poorer without their present books in those fields. Books in 150 languages record discoveries and the cultures of as many peoples. Their art books[10] are the pride of hundreds of libraries and the ambition of as many collectors. We know of no other book catalogue that can be called as the Oxford catalogue has been called, "an outline of literature and of human affairs."

Above we recommended that you tell your local book dealer what books you are interested in. We also recommend that you ask him to get for you, if he does not already have, the lists, circulars, and booklets that tell about the wealth of books published by the Oxford University Press that especially appeal to you.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (2) **The Little Oxford Dictionary**, blue cloth, over 30,000 words; blue, green, red lea., $2.00. (3) **The Pocket O. D.**, blue clo., Amer. spelling only. (4) **The Concise O. D.**, blue clo., over 75,000 words; $7.50, ½ morocco. (5) The complete **Oxford English Dictionary** 10 vols.,—lea. $500.; 20 half vols, Pers. etc. $550.; 20 half vols morocco etc., $575.00. (6) Obtainable in **Oxford Standard Authors** at $1.50 up; **World's Classics Library**, uniform blue cloth, 3½"x6", over 375 titles, including translations, poetry, history, fiction, biography, science, philosophy, etc.; **Oxford Poets**, $2.50 each; **Oxford Miscellany**, a collection of rare, fine things often unobtainable now in any other edition, $1.25 each; **Tudor and Stuart Library**, reprints of the best known books of these periods, beautifully printed and bound, $1.70 to $6.00; **Type-facsimile Reprints**, Restoration and 18th Century, $1.20 to $4.50; Oxford Library of Translations, from Early English, Italian, German, Greek, and Latin, $1.70 to $2.50 a vol. (7) **Shakespeare**, complete in 1 vol., $2.25; 3 vols., $6.50 and up according to binding; also a great many books about Shakespeare. (8) Boswell's **Johnson**, 1 vol., $2.25 and up; also a great many books about Dr. Johnson. (9) Davies' **Outline History of the World** ($2.50), Rostovtzeff's **History of the Ancient World**, 2 vols., $6.50 each (Magnificent!); The Legacy of Israel ($4.00), Legacy of the Middle Ages ($4.00); Legacy of Greece $2.50), Legacy of Rome ($3.00), and forthcoming Legacy of Arabia ($3.50); S. E. Morison's **History of the United States**, 2 vols., $10.00; and many others. (10) Excellent full lists available on request.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquires in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

L. L. B., New York City, has selected "The American Scene: Its Effect on Its Writers and Their Influence upon It" as subject of a thesis, and asks for suggestions on autobiographies, mainly of contemporaries, that should be included.

THE American scene in Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story" (Viking) is almost as important as his ancestry in helping one to arrive at a just understanding of his place in American literature. It counts in Harry Kemp's "Tramping on Life" and "More Miles" (Liveright); it counts in Alfred Kreymborg's "Troubadour" (Liveright)—and what a book that is! It counts against contentment in Ludwig Lewisohn's "Upstream" (Liveright), and in "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man" (Knopf), now known to be by James Weldon Johnson, but not so much his own story as a "composite autobiography of the Negro race in America in modern times." There is something about America in "A Book about Myself," by Theodore Dreiser (Liveright), and a great deal about the America of the opening century in James G. Huneker's "Steeplejack" (Scribner)—and let no one underestimate the part taken by Huneker in turning the eyes of America toward the continent of Europe. Pioneering is in the blood of Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillian), which will in this study of course be taken in connection with the other three Border books, including the one in which the Garlands back-trail toward the East. Pioneer life is described in "A Frontier Mother" (Mrs. Catherine Payne White), by her son, Owen P. White (Minton, Balch). Irving Bacheller's lately published autobiography, "Coming Up the Road" (Bobbs-Merrill), describes his young days in New York State north of the Adirondacks, the country with which his novels have made us familiar. E. A. Howe's "Plain People" (Dodd, Mead) sets before the reader a state—Kansas—a time, and a community, in a fashion as convincing as his "Story of a Country Town." Julian Hawthorne's "Shapes That Pass" (Houghton Mifflin) includes England in the 'seventies but begins with his New England childhood. Anne Shannon Monroe, who wrote "Singing in the Rain," tells of her pioneering childhood and her youth as a Chicago reporter, and in an unpretentious report of "The World I Saw" (Doubleday, Doran).

There are recent biographies in which journals and letters are so important that they can be included in such a list as this. In "George W. Cable," by Lucy Leffingwell Bikle (Scribner), the city of New Orleans is part of the fabric of the book; "May Alcott," by Caroline Ticknor (Little, Brown), with which should be taken Honoré Willsie's "The Father of Little Women" (Little, Brown), gives a view of classic Concord; "Thomas Sergeant Perry," by J. T. Morse (Houghton Mifflin), with his "Letters" (Macmillan), one of the most charming letter-books of recent years, affords a prospect of intellectual Boston; Francis O. Matthiesen's "Sara Orne Jewett" (Houghton Mifflin) makes much of the environment of which she made so much in her stories; environment figures in Susan Glasgow's life of George Cram Cook, "The Road to the Temple" (Stokes), and in William Dean Howell's "Life in Letters," edited by Mildred Howells (2 vols., Doubleday, Doran), more than one American scene appears. One might include "The Heart of Emerson's Journals," "The Heart of Burroughs' Journals," and "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin), and Cornelia Stratton Parker's "An American Idyl" (Atlantic Monthly Press), with one just published not unlike it in spirit, Mary C. Vanamee's record of her husband's brief and brilliant life, in "Vanamee" (Harcourt, Brace). The American scene forms the last two horizons in Charles Finger's autobiography "Seven Horizons" (Doubleday, Doran), one of the most absorbing of recent years. Michael Gold's "Jews Without Money" (Liveright) is largely autobiographical. Two recently published books about men of an earlier generation might be put in. "George Henry Boker," by E. S. Bradley (University of Pennsylvania), for though the author of "Francesca da Rimini" spent years in Italy and Turkey, his home was Philadelphia; and "Parson Weems of the Cherry Tree," by Harold Kellock (Century), for whatever you may think of the authenticity of his famous "Life of Washington," you couldn't have the heart to keep out of the social, if not the literary, history of America the man who wrote the only book that in its generation held the place in the hearts of the people held in a preceding generation by Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom." This book is almost as much about backwoods America just after the Revolutionary War as about the brilliant liar who gave Washington his reputation as a dull truthteller.

M. P. S., Washington, D. C., is to spend the winter in Boston and asks for books on its past history and present points of interest.

THERE is a new guide-book that attends to all that: "And This Is Boston," by Eleanor Early (Houghton Mifflin), a newspaper woman who though she has travelled widely has spent most of her life in or near Boston, where she once managed a tea-room. The book also takes in many places in the neighborhood; though pleasantly written and of the sort that is read aloud, it is quite detailed enough for field use. Houghton Mifflin is just bringing out another book that should interest this reader: "Old Boston," by Mary Lambert, whose name seems to need only to keep on to be part of mine. She is a native of Boston, Lincolnshire, of which this excellent work is at once a history and a guide. I had not seen it when I made my own pilgrimage there this summer; I set off to see with my own eyes the famous "Boston Stump" whose pictures I had so often seen, and found it the tower of a church quite in proportion, instead of rising, as I had been led by the pictures to believe, straight from the brink of a river with very little back of it. In Miss Lambert's book Bostonians can learn where their ancestors were put in jail (cells still shown), where sermons are preached from John Cotton's own pulpit, and where the legend that the streets of Boston, Mass., were laid out by a stray cow, is triumphantly refuted. For one has but to follow the winding track of the characteristic lanes of Boston, Lincs. —so narrow that two of them ran through our hotel and three through one down the street—to see what must have inspired the twist of some of the older thoroughfares of the newer city. Boston, Lincs., is not so prosperous as she was when she built St. Botolph's Church, with its glorious "Stump"; her trade never quite recovered from the inconsiderate action of Christopher Columbus, and M. V. Hughes, in her delightful "America's England" (Morrow), says that a letter mailed in England to "Boston" *tout court* will be sent across the Atlantic instead of to the East Coast. The day I was there the Bishop of Massachusetts preached and the Mayor and Corporation in full regalia attended, when thanks giving was made for ten thousand pounds from America, to repair the tower so that the bells can ring "The Brides of Enderby" (as they did in Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire") without bringing down the structure by vibrations.

The same inquirer needs a history of Nicaragua, "not too learned."

A BRIEF popular account of the course of events in Nicaragua from Spanish days and those of the filibusters through to Sandino, is in "Our Neighbor Nicaragua," by Floyd Cramer (Stokes). The history of the latest American activities there, by one who spent six months studying conditions in the country for the New York *Times*, is in "Dollars for Bullets: The Story of American Rule in Nicaragua," by Harold Norman Denny (Dial). "Nicaragua and the United States," one of the World Peace Foundation publications, by Isaac Joslin Cox), is an impartial study based on documentary sources, of the relations between the two countries for the last eighteen years. "The Looting of Nicaragua," by Rafael de Nogales y Mendez (McBride), is by a Venezuelan, a violent opponent of American policy; it is, however, the result of personal observation.

F. M. H., Detroit, Mich., asks if an unexpurgated translation of the "Journal des Goncourts" has been published in English.

SO far as I can discover, the only attempt that has been made to put portions of the nine volumes of the "Journal des Goncourt" (1887-1896) into English was in "Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, with Letters and Leaves from Their Journals," which was published in 1895; it was the work of Marie Belloc (now Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes) and Marie Shedlock.

A. G. S., Norfolk, Va., asks if there is an English translation of Vasari.

YOU may have your choice of three excellent editions of Vasari's "Lives of Seventy of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," each for a special audience. The first is issued by the Medici Society; it is in ten volumes, with 502 full-page illustrations of which 102 are in color and the rest monochrome collotype; the translation is by Gaston de Vere. It is a sumptuous work, and the price is correspondingly impressive, $125. The Scribner edition is in four volumes and costs ten dollars; the translation is by Mrs. Jonathan Foster; it is edited and annotated by the Blashfields and A. A. Hopkins, in the light of recent discoveries. This is fine for library use. Then there is the humble and sufficient Everyman's in four volumes at eighty cents apiece, translated by A. B. Hinds.

T. W. H., Anacapri, Italy, says "We are on a Mediterranean bird-down highway, and we want to recognize the little visitors as they pass through our garden on their way north in the spring and south in the fall. We want a book on the migration of birds, a book with colored plates. Has any study been made that shows the directions, distances, and destinations of bird migration; not a "popular" book, but a really reliable work that could be used in a garden betwixt Europe and Africa."

THIS is too much for me; the books that I have seen on the migration of birds would not be what this reader needs, and the authorities that I have consulted seem to think that a book has not yet been written for this locality. Will readers of this department kindly rally round?

THE Public Library of Newark, N. J., noticing in a recent issue of the Readers' Guide that a Virgil student from Wisconsin wished information on the celebration in honor of the Virgil bimillennium, reports that the Newark Library and Museum are planning an exhibit to open on the fifteenth of October and last to December, and encloses a copy of the tentative plans, showing that it will include books, pictures, photographs, and prints of Virgil and his works, his contemporaries, manuscripts and early editions, places connected with Virgil, and his fame in ancient time and in the Middle Ages. Your correspondent may be interested to get information from the American Classical League. Miss Anna MacVay, of Wadleigh High School, is general chairman of Committees for the Celebration. Dr. E. C. Richardson, of Library of Congress, is chairman of the committee for activities in libraries, and Mr. H. B. Van Hoesen, Librarian of Brown University, is vice-chairman. A number of other committees have been appointed covering various aspects of the celebration, and are listed in the March number of the Phi Beta Kappa Key.

A great deal of material is being issued by the Service Bureau for Classical Teachers, Columbia University, including book lists, papers, illustrative material, and suggestions for programs. Lists may be obtained at small cost. The New York Public Library has issued a catalogue with an introduction by Professor Charles Knapp, describing the exhibition now open in their main exhibit room.

Round about Parnassus

(*Continued from page 104*)

As to Wade Van Dore's "Far Lake," there is promise in this volume. The author's admiration for the work of Robert Frost becomes slightly too apparent a catching of accent in several poems, as in "The Deer Pasture" and "There Must Be Something High." But this fault is not too obtrusive. "The Last Leap" is a good poem, as is "The Partridge in Snow," "Snow Eyes," "The Train in the Forest," and others. These poems obviously spring from actual observation and experience, even if the style of the master of a style sometimes shadows them. This is the poetry of a true naturalist and his own personal intonation will be more apparent in his next book. As it is "Far Lake" is well worthy of publication.

"Better than THE GOOD COMPANIONS"—Sylvia Lynd

J. B. Priestley

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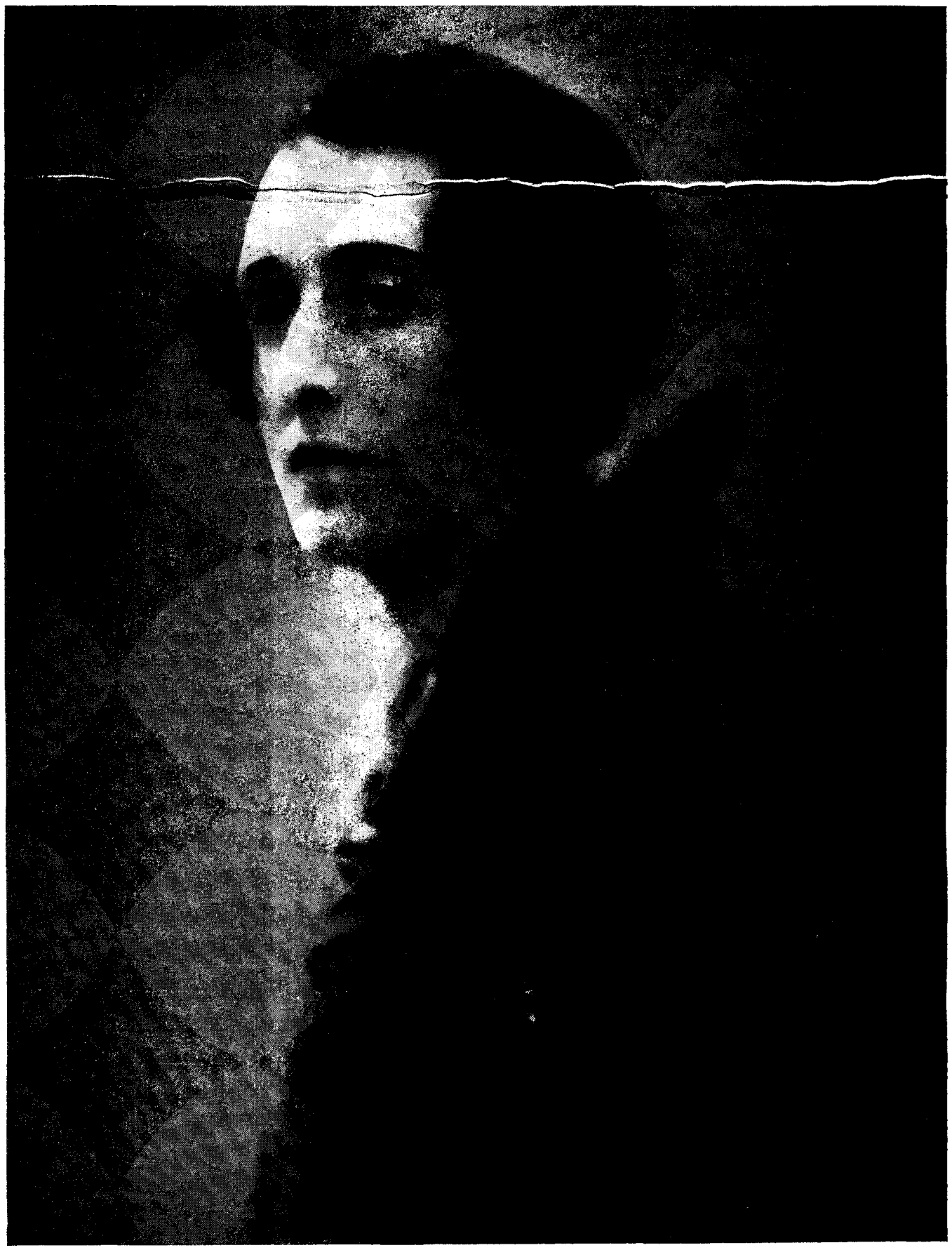

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